

D 975

.K33





LETTERS FROM

Europe and the East.

LETTERS

FROM

Europe and the East,

DURING THE YEARS 1859 AND 1860,

BY

✓
WM. E. KENDALL, ESQ.

h

72
— ♦ — ♦ — ♦ —
“If nothing more than purpose is thy power,
Thy purpose formed is equal to the deed.”

135-1
— 1 —
DR. YOUNG.
— ♦ — ♦ — ♦ —

NEW YORK :

G. A. WHITEHORNE, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER, 42 ANN STREET.

1860.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by
WM. E. KENDALL, Esq.,
In the Clerk's Office of the United States District Court, for the Southern
District of New York.

3975

TO MY HIGHLY ESTEEMED FRIEND,

THE

HON. JAMES S. SULLIVAN,

OF RICHMOND, TEXAS,

THESE UNASSUMING LETTERS

ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY

Inscribed,

AS A SLIGHT TOKEN OF MY HIGH APPRECIATION OF HIS
PUBLIC AND PRIVATE VIRTUES.

PREFACE.



The following unpretending letters were written from the countries and places they imperfectly describe, during my recent tour in Europe, Asia, and Africa ; for the benefit and amusement of some of my personal friends, without entertaining the most distant idea of publishing them in the present form ; had such been my purpose I should have bestowed more care upon their preparation. But being a simple statement of facts made from personal observations, without drawing upon imagination or exaggerating in any particular, hope they may interest, and to some extent entertain, at least those for whom they were originally penned, at whose earnest solicitations I have been induced to give them publicity. I should here state that I have no pretensions whatever to authorship, nor do I expect to add anything to the knowledge and literature of the day, consequently shall be alike independent of the criticisms of the press and the public.



CONTENTS.



LETTER I.

TEXAS TO NEW YORK—STEAMER VANDERBILT—THE PASSENGERS—
ICEBERGS—LANDING IN ENGLAND—FIRST IMPRESSIONS—LONDON—
CRYSTAL PALACE—VOYAGE TO FRANCE—VALLEY OF THE SEINE—
PARIS—THE FRENCH ARMY.

LETTER II.

THE FETE DAYS—SCENES IN PARIS—THE ILLUMINATION AND FIRE
WORKS—DEPARTURE FROM PARIS—NORTH OF FRANCE—BELGIUM—
BATTLE FIELD OF WATERLOO—HOLLAND—SOUTHERN PRUSSIA—
COLOGNE.

LETTER III.

THE RHINE AND SCENERY—HEIDLEBERG—BADEN BADEN—
SWITZERLAND—ITS MOUNTAINS, LAKES, AND SCENERY—GENEVA—
THE ALPS—SIMPLON PASS—FIRST VIEW OF ITALY—MILAN—MAGENTA
AND SOLFERINO—VERONA—VENICE—ITS SCENES AND ASSOCIATIONS
—PADUA—THE APPENNINES.

LETTER IV.

FLORENCE—GALILEO, MICHAEL ANGELO, AND RAPHAEL—GALLERIES
OF ART—PITTI PALACE—CASCINE—PISA—LEGHORN—VOYAGE TO
ROME—THE ETERNAL CITY—ROMAN RUINS—MODERN ROME—THE
CHURCHES AND PALACES—CATHOLIC FETE DAY—THE POPE—ANTO-
NELLA.

LETTER V.

BAY AND CITY OF NAPLES—HERCULANEUM—POMPEII—CURIOSITIES
EXCAVATIONS FROM POMPEII—ASCENT OF MOUNT VESUVIUS—THE GREAT
CRATER—DEPARTURE FROM NAPLES—STROMBOLI—SICILY—MT. ETNA
—IONION ISLANDS—HARBOR OF PIRÆUS—CLASSIC GROUND.

LETTER VI.

ATHENS—HISTORIC ASSOCIATIONS—MARS HILL—THE ACROPOLIS—
ANCIENT TEMPLES—MODERN ATHENS—THE INHABITANTS—PLAINS
AND SITE OF ANCIENT TROY—THE TOMB OF ACHILLES—SEA OF MAR-
MORA—APPROACH TO CONSTANTINOPLE—THE CITY—BYZANTIUM—
TURKISH FETE DAY—THE SULTAN—DEPARTURE FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.

LETTER VII.

ORIENTAL SCENES—SMYRNA—THE BAZAARS—PATMOS—RHODES
—CYPRUS—MOUNTAINS OF ISRAEL—BEYROUT—MOUNT LEBANON—
MOUNT CARMEL—JOPPA—PETAH—PLAIN OF SHARON—MOUNTAINS
OF JUDEA—FIRST VIEW OF THE HOLY CITY—THE SACRED PLACES
ABOUT JERUSALEM.

LETTER VIII.

DEPARTURE FROM JERUSALEM—MOUNT OLIVET—BETHANY—TOMB
OF LAZARUS—HILLS OF JUDAEA—SITE OF JERICHO—FOUNTAIN OF
ELISHA—THE VALLEY OF THE JORDAN—THE SACRED RIVER—THE
DEAD SEA AND ITS SURROUNDINGS—SAN SABA—BETHLEHEM—CHURCH
OF THE NATIVITY—RETURN TO JERUSALEM—THE JEWS—DEPARTURE
FROM JERUSALEM—PASSING SCENES IN ALEXANDRIA—THE VALLEY
OF THE NILE.

LETTER IX.

CROSSING THE DESERT—THE RED SEA—VIEW OF MOUNT SINAI
—RETURN TO CAIRO—SCENES IN GRAND CAIRO—VIEW FROM THE
CITADEL—THE NILE—THE PYRAMIDS—THE SPHYNX—RETURN TO
CAIRO.

LETTER X.

MOSQUE OF MOHAMED ALI—MASSACRE OF THE MEMLUKES—SCENES AND ASSOCIATIONS OF THE NILE—ALEXANDRIA—DEPARTURE FROM EGYPT—THE STORM—THE ISLAND OF MALTA—THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA—SARDINIA AND CORSICA—ARRIVAL AT MARSAILLES.

LETTER XI.

THE PARISIANS —PLEASURE GROUNDS—BOIS DE BOULOGNE—THEATRES AND OPERA HOUSES—BOULEVARDS—CAFES—CHANGES IN PARIS—THE CONDITION OF FRANCE—THE IMPERIAL FAMILY.

LETTER XII.

DEPARTURE FROM PARIS—HAVRE—LONDON—THE ROYAL FAMILY—WINDSOR CASTLE—OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE—MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS—EDINBURG—SCENERY ABOUT THE CITY—HOLLYROOD PALACE—CALTON HILL—HISTORIC REMINISCENCES.

LETTER XIII.

THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND—GLASGOW—IRELAND AND THE IRISH—LIVERPOOL—VOYAGE—ARRIVAL AT BOSTON—COMPARISONS.

LETTERS.



	PAGE
LETTER FROM PARIS, ...	13
“ “ COLOGNE, ...	22
“ “ FLORENCE, ...	30
“ “ ROME, ...	40
“ “ ATHENS, ...	49
“ “ CONSTANTINOPLE, ...	56
“ “ JERUSALEM, ...	65
“ “ GRAND CAIRO, ...	75
“ “ GRAND CAIRO, ...	88
“ “ MARSAILLES, ...	99
“ “ PARIS, ...	107
“ “ EDINBURG, ...	111
“ “ BOSTON, ...	118



APPENDIX	123
--------------------	-----

Europe and the East.



LETTER I.

Paris, August, 1859.

DEAR B. :

You asked that you might share in part with me the pleasure of my wanderings, by receiving an occasional sketch of those things and scenes in which I might be most interested, and here is the first instalment, in compliance with your request. If by this, and whatever may succeed, by the way, I add ought to your pleasure, I shall be amply rewarded for my trouble.

My letters will necessarily be written hurriedly, and when I am, as at present, surrounded by circumstances and scenes entirely new and strange to me ; you need not therefore expect to

find them over elegant in style, nor in any way perfect.

It is very possible, indeed, that some of them may be of that interesting class of specimens that you can "make neither head nor tail of"—in that case I advise you, in advance, to begin in the middle and read both ways,—it will make no difference. Never mind the "connection" you know—for connection, sequence, etc., are things that I utterly abhor and renounce. I'd as lieve not write at all as have to write that way.

You are familiar with most of the great traveled thoroughfares of our own country, and a sketch of my journey from Texas to New York would not interest you. It did not even interest me. I accomplished it in six weeks, stopping with my friends in the various States along the route particularly in Virginia and at Washington City, arriving in New York in time for the steamship Vanderbilt, which sailed on the 16th ultimo for Southampton and Havre. The Vanderbilt is a staunch and noble steamer of the largest class of ocean steamships, and her officers

experienced seamen, kind and accommodating ; her passenger list was long and large, who, in a short time after her departure, being cut loose, as it were, from the rest of the world, and out upon the wide waste of waters, were drawn together by a natural and common sympathy, dispensing with those restraints and formalities common under ordinary circumstances ; became more as one great family, each apparently willing and anxious to contribute to the other's amusement and entertainment, in whiling away the tedious hours.

The chief objects of interest and curiosity during the voyage were the icebergs, among which we found ourselves the fifth day out.

They looked wonderfully majestic, standing in their lonely grandeur upon the water, from one hundred to three or four hundred feet high, reflecting the bright sunbeams like so many mountains of glass. Very beautiful to see—but they're not good company—cold, you know, and dangerous.

On the 27th we landed at Southampton at ten o'clock, in ten and a half days from New York.

It was a pleasant thing to stand for the first time upon the soil of our Father Land, the home of our ancestors, the fountain head of our language and literature, the land of so much and so mixed renown, and so famed for us in song and story.

Southampton is the oldest commercial city of England, and is noted for its fine harbor.

I took the evening train for London, and had a charming ride through a beautiful and highly cultivated country, abounding, apparently, in all that can contribute to the prosperity and well-being of the people. Many beautiful rural homes were scattered along the way, which I hope are as good as they looked. If the people are as happy as their homes are handsome, they are to be envied.

I arrived at the great metropolis at six o'clock, and stopped at Morley's Hotel, Trafalgar square, reputed first rate, but my experience is that Morley "can't keep a hotel."

The British Capital far surpasses what I had anticipated. Its public parks, squares and gardens are unrivaled in their freshness, beauty and extent, and are the greatest charm of London.

One among the first places I visited was the venerable Old Westminster Abbey, so famed for its tombs of England's illustrious dead. Architecturally, the Old Abbey is magnificent,—constructed in the form of a Latin cross. It is supposed to have been built by Sibert, King of the Saxons, in 616. It has been enlarged by the later Kings and Queens, who are nearly all buried here. Near also to their tombs, and within the sacred precincts of the Old Abbey, they were all crowned. Near by is Westminster Hall and the Government Palace, or New Houses of Parliament, one of the finest structures in Europe, a building well worthy the greatness of the English Nation.

I attended divine service at St. Paul's Cathedral, which, next to St. Peter's, at Rome, is the largest and finest in the world.

Thames Tunnel is a stupendous piece of work. But the great wonder of England, perhaps of the world, is the Crystal Palace, otherwise the “Palace made o' windows”—

O ! would before
That Thomas Moore,
Likewise the late Lord Byron,
Thine aigles sthrong,
Of Godlike song,
Cast oiron that cast oiron !

Vast in extent, built, as you know, of glass and iron, it contains a fine museum, and specimens of the industry of all nations. In it are growing, blooming, and bearing fruit, trees, shrubs and flowers from every clime and region of the earth, from the stately palm of India, to the scrubby pine of the Arctic region. To enumerate and describe all its curiosities would require a volume. The grounds around it are finely laid out. The fountains are indescribably beautiful. They play at certain hours every evening.

I was in both Houses of Parliament, and saw congregated all the great men of England, and heard several of them speak. I thought them inferior, both as speakers and in appearance, to the average of Congress.

The queen and royal family were absent from England, at their summer palace, on the Isle of

Wight. I left London on the fourth inst., by way of New Haven and entered the French empire at Dieppe, where the passports were examined, to ascertain whether we were entitled to the honor of becoming temporary sojourners under the wing of the Imperial Eagle ;—being found worthy, the gates were opened, and we passed through into the city.

Dieppe is a place of fashionable resort in the summer season, and is to the French people what Cape May is to us Americans, but not being in much need of the invigorating effects of a roll in the brine, I started for the capital, passing through a fine country, not dissimilar from that we had passed through in England. Changed cars at Rouen, one of the noted old cities of France, and passed through the plaster district, where they quarry it from the inexhaustible hills, and ship it as a leading article of commerce to various parts of the world. In approaching Paris, up the valley of the Seine, a fine prospect is had of her domes, towers and triumphal arch, foreshadowings of the splendor of the city.

Where we stopped, the colossal structure, built of iron and roofed with glass, and beautified with rare shrubbery and blooming flowers, looked more like the palace of a prince than a railroad depot. Driving through a handsome part of the city, we stopped at the Hotel du Louvre on the Rue Rivoli, opposite the Palace of the Tuilleries; the prince of European hotels. The last few days have been spent in regular sight-seeing, under the guidance of an experienced courier. We have been truly astonished at the unrivalled magnificence of the French capital, Paris, which is now all in a furore preparing for the great fete days of the fourteenth and fifteenth of this month; thousands of men are at work, erecting monuments, columns, triumphal arches, and in preparing fireworks and the *et ceteris* for illumination. On the fourteenth the Emperor enters Paris at the head of the Grand Army of Italy, now encamped a few miles from the city, composed of one hundred thousand men, with all their cavalry and equipages of war. I visited the camp yesterday, and what is most observable

there, is the precision and regularity of arrangement, and the good order that prevails throughout the vast encampment.

Among the curiosities I have seen thus far is the Emperor, Empress and Prince Imperial, but more of Paris and the French, anon. There is nothing attracting much interest here in politics; a little anxiety certainly as to the probable action of the conference now sitting at Zurich, in Switzerland, and the different powers interested in the Italian Question.

LETTER II.

Cologne, August, 1859.

DEAR B. :

I stayed at the French capital until after the fete days—referred to in my last. I left on the eighteenth and traveled through the north of France, through Belgium to Brussels, through a portion of Holland and the southern part of Russia, to this place.

Paris, undoubtedly, in regard to gaiety, beauty, and regal splendor, stands without a rival in the world. During my sojourn there, through the aid of my courier and a popular guide book for the city, I visited and examined thoroughly, and very satisfactorily, all the places of greatest attraction and objects of most interest, in and about the city and its surroundings. Her fine galleries of art, palaces, churches, museums, libraries, tombs, towers,

cemeteries, public gardens, and places of amusement. No place I visited interested me more than the Place de la Concorde, where have taken place so many bloody tragedies of the past. There the amiable and gifted Queen Marie Antionette, perished by the guillotine—Louis XVI., the Duke of Orleans, Madame Elizabeth, and twenty-eight hundred of the other nobles and dignitaries of France met there the same fate. While standing upon the spot I could but contrast, in thought, those times with the peaceful scene and matchless view of the present ; the sun was just sinking behind the horizon, reflecting beautifully upon the gilded domes and spires of Paris, while in all directions, on every side, the finest monuments, the boasted pride of the Parisians, rise in view ; to the east, the Palace of the Tuilleries, the ancient home of the French Kings, rising above the green groves of the garden, to the west the Champs Elysees, Crystal Palace and Arch of Triumph ; to the north, Napoleon's Temple of Glory, now the Classic Madeleine, to the south the Legislative Palace and the lofty domes of the Palais Des

Invalides. In the centre stands the great Obelisk of Luxor, of red granite, brought from Egypt during the reign of Louis Philippe. Its history says it stood before the temple at Thebes, where it was placed by Sesostris the Great, fifteen hundred years before the Christian era. It was brought to France and erected at an incredible expense, being a solid piece seventy-two feet high and thirty-two around the base. Near by are great fountains, dedicated to the sea and river navigation, surrounded by tritons and nereides holding large dolphins, from which water gushes up to a great height, falling around in feathery spray, tinted with the rainbow's hues. At proportionate distances around the square are figures in marble, representing the chief cities in France, together with numbers of columns and groups of statuary, all uniting to form a scene of the greatest beauty.

The Palace at Versailles, built by Louis XIV., in extent and splendor surpasses all others. It is said the Palace, grounds and fountains cost two hundred and eighty millions of dollars. It has not been occupied as a royal residence since

the days of Louis XV. It is used now as a vast picture gallery, including pictures of every variety and description, chiefly by French artists, and representing all the great battles, and important events in the history of France. These are exhibited in a hundred and twenty-seven large gilt saloons.

In the saloon appropriated to portraits, conspicuous and large as life, was the illustrious first American. Thus has the pride of Columbia, Washington, the beloved, the adored of all, a prominent place in the palace of Kings. Immediately under his portrait, in a row together, are the portraits of Clay, Webster, and Calhoun, and many generals and eminent statesmen of our country.

The triumphal entry of the grand army into Paris, on the fourteenth, headed by the Emperor, was one of those grand displays of military glory unrivalled even in the annals of France, at least since the victorious days of the first Emperor, returning from Marengo, Austerlitz, and Wagram. The army proceeded from the Place de la Paix, to the Place Vendome, where the Em-

press, upon a temporary throne, surrounded by her court, and an immense concourse of people, awaited the arrival of the Emperor and the army. Here the Emperor halted, and the grand army filed off in review before him, taking five hours to pass,—the troops being twenty abreast. The fête day of the army closed by an imperial banquet given by the Emperor to the officers of the army. The city was illuminated at night.

The fifteenth, the national fête day of the Emperor and the Empress, was superior to the day before, or any thing of the kind ever witnessed in the Empire. Napoleon's arrangements for celebrating the day were of the most extensive and extravagant kind, suited in all respects to pamper and gratify the taste and wishes of the great masses of the people, of whom Napoleon, Eugenia, and the Prince Imperial appear to be the only objects of adoration; but as the changeable disposition of the French people cause them to adore their rulers one day and behead them the next, it is uncertain how long the fortunate family may hold their exalted position. Of the splendor of the illuminations and the fireworks,

no language would convey an idea. The gardens of the Tuilleries looked like a scene in fairy land. The national colors of the empire, in red, white and blue fire, were interwoven in a style that charmed the beholder, and illustrated the superior genius of the French nation in such matters. First of all was the Empress' flower vase at the close, when the whole element for miles around apparently was filled with flowers of fire of every size and color. This was supposed to have been seen by nearly three millions of people.

A few days were interestingly spent in and around Brussels, the capital of Belgium, one of which was passed on the memorable battle field of Waterloo which, in many respects, remains much as it was on the day the giants were there. In walking over the field, and observing it carefully, and having the positions of the armies pointed out, we readily perceived that the position of the allied army gave them great advantage over the French.

The mound, or monument, erected in honor of the Prince of Orange, is conspicuous near the centre of the field, two hundred and seventy-six

feet high. From the top is had a fine prospect, not only of the battle ground, but of the greater part of Belgium, which is very fertile and highly cultivated, and the most densely populated country in Europe.

Brussels is a fine and well built city, celebrated for its manufacturies of carpeting and lace. Its picture galleries contain some of the finest specimens of the Flemish school of art; some pieces of Rubens and Vandyke being prominent.

Cologne is a large, o'd city, situated on the Rhine, the capital of Rhenish Prussia, noted as being the place where the well known water that bears its name was first invented and manufactured. It is curious that this sweet smelling stuff, which has scented the pocket handkerchiefs of every civilized land, should have come from such a bad smelling place. In this city Coleridge said that he counted seventy-seven

“ Well defined and several stinks !
Then, O ye nymphs of sewers and sinks,
The river Rhine doth wash 'tis known
Your filthy city of Cologne !
Then say, O nymphs, what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine.”

Its cathedral that they have been at work at for five hundred years, they say, when completed, will be the finest Gothic building in the world.

The Prussians appear to be a cheerful, industrious and contented people. Prussia is one of the few Protestant kingdoms of Europe.

LETTER III.

Florence, September, 1859.

DEAR B.

The voyage up the Rhine, from Cologne, whence I last wrote you, was replete with interest. On that river, the boldness and grandeur of the mountain scenery, extending from Cologne to Mayence, about two hundred miles, is unsurpassed. The picturesque beauty of the Rhine scenery is greatly increased by the numerous castellated ruins perched upon the tops of the highest mountains, and in the most inaccessible places, once the abodes of the petty chieftains who lived by robbery and rapine, but who have finally passed away before the brighter light of civilization and refinement, leaving their crumbling habitations as fit types of dark and by gone ages. Around and about these ruins the green smiling valleys, and vine clad

hills, ladened with their ripe fruits, bespeak a reign of peace, prosperity and happiness.

Heidleburg I found one of the most interesting cities in Germany, the noble ruins of the castle are very extensive and famous. This castle was formerly the residence of the Electors-Palatine, and occupies a hill near this city. The university is one of the oldest and most celebrated on the continent.

The numerous other interesting cities and places I visited in Germany I have not space to enumerate and describe

Baden Baden had for me many attractions. The romantic beauty of its situation ; built upon the banks of the bright, flowing Oos, embosomed among the majestic spurs of the Black Forest, its bright green slopes and lawns form a pleasant contrast with the dark fir trees that cover the surrounding mountains. The conversation house is a fine structure, surrounded by public gardens and pleasure grounds, tastefully and elegantly laid out and ornamented. In the centre of these there is a beautiful pavilion where the best bands of Germany play every evening from

three until ten o'clock. Baden combines many advantages, and justly merits its wide-spread fame, as a fashionable resort, where more congregate on account of its many fascinations, than the healing virtue of its waters. My sojourn there happened at the height of the season, thousands being in attendance, from all parts of Europe and America.

From Germany I entered Switzerland at Basle, at the north-west corner of the Republic, and visited all the most interesting parts of the country; ascended to the tops of her highest mountains, viewed with delight her enchanting valleys, and traversed by steam all her principal lakes; words fail to properly describe the sublime grandeur of the Swiss scenery, no language is adequate to convey an idea of her varied beauties. To know and appreciate Switzerland one must see it. Geneva, in the southeast, is now one of the most flourishing cities in Europe, noted for its extensive manufactories of fine jewelry. I crossed the Alps by the Simplon Pass, over the great road of Napoleon, which is considered one of the most

stupendous enterprises ever undertaken. It required the most skillful engineering to accomplish it, and stands now a lasting monument of his indomitable will. The ascent is made by winding the mountains and bridging the chasms. The summit of the Alps was reached at one o'clock. Here were indeed the grandest forms of creation, and nature in its sternest aspect; here, among the glaciers and eternal snows. Along the range of the Alps from Mount Blanc to the frontier of the Tyrol there are reckoned to be above four thousand glaciers, many of which are from eighteen to thirty miles long, from one to three miles wide, and from one hundred to six hundred feet thick. Altogether the glaciers of Switzerland are presumed to form a sea of ice more than one thousand miles in extent. From their inexhaustible resources flow the waters of many of the principal rivers of Europe. In the descent into the Italy by the Grotto Gondo are to be seen the highest rocks in the world, the highest of these being six or seven thousand feet and almost perpendicular. By this descent in a sudden turn in the road the

Vale-de-Ossola bursts upon the gaze, and at your feet are the beautiful plains of Italy, wide-spread with their lakes, and winding rivers, cities, domes and towers glittering in the sun light; one is enraptured with the first view of the classic land. The transition from the snowy regions of the Alps to the sunny clime of Italy, in a few hours, is marvelous. In entering Lombardy the beauty of the natural scenery—Lago Maggiore, and the Lake of Como, with their surroundings, combine to form a landscape of surpassing beauty, one that for centuries has been a theme of praise and a subject as well for the poet as the painter.

Milan, the capital of Lombardy, and the chief city of northern Italy, abounds in much that is calculated to interest the tourist. Wealth is lavished in great profusion upon her picture galleries, museums, libraries, cathedrals and palaces, all of these abounding in the finest specimens of art, and relics of medieval antiquity. Prominent among the curiosities is the "Iron Crown," supposed to be more than a thousand years old, and to have been used in the

coronation of Charlemagne. It is a most famous emblem of ancient royalty. It lay for several hundred years sacredly guarded as the most precious treasure of Lombardy, until it was brought forth by Napoleon, to be used in his coronation as King of Italy in 1805 : the cause of its being held in such veneration by the Lombards is that there is said to have been used in its construction one of the nails of the True Cross. They are now agitating the question as to whom it belongs, since the conclusion of the late war. Among the chief attractions of Milan is its cathedral, built of marble, and said to be the finest structure in Europe.

I visited through northern Italy all the cities and places of greatest interest, including the battle fields of Magenta and Solferino, which wore many marks of the late destruction of life and property.

The city of Verona I found to possess many attractions ; its greatest curiosity being a Roman amphitheatre, in the most perfect state of preservation of any in Italy, being capable of seating eighty thousand persons, and not a seat amiss.

The vast structure was built of Veronese marble, and remains now much as it was two thousand years ago.

Here also were the homes of Romeo and Juliet, and the Veronese affirm that the houses in which they lived are still there, and were pointed out to me. Their tombs were also shown me.

From Verona I went to Venice, the famed "city of the sea." All are familiar with her romantic history. The glory of the ancient republic has faded, and her high and palmy days have passed, yet she can be viewed even now only with amazement and admiration.

"A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Looked to the winged lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate, throned on her hundred isles."

Poetry unites with history and romance to heighten the charm that surrounds Venice. Who can behold the Rialto or walk through the streets of Venice, of Shylock and Othello of Portia and Desdemona and not thrill with pleasurable fancies?

Here the Italian scenes and characters described by Shakespeare, rise in vivid reality, and add a charm to her deserted palaces and departed glories. Rogers describes Venice charmingly :

“ There is a glorious city in the sea—
The sea is in the broad and narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing ; and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of men, no foot-steps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o’er the sea,
Invincible ; and from the land we went,
As to a floating city—steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
So smoothly, silently—by many a dome,
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
The statutes ranged along an azure sky ;
By many a pile in more than eastern pride,
Of old the residence of merchant kings ;
The fronts of some, though time has shattered them,
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
As though the wealth within them had run o’er.”

Venice might even be something yet, but for the heavy weight of the iron yoke of Austria. Her marble palaces, however, are now hotels, warehouses, and soldiers’ barracks.

St. Marc’s Place is conspicuous among the beauties of Venice. Surrounding this square is the celebrated Cathedral of St. Marc, the Palace

of the Doges, the Venician Tower, and other stately marble structures, of the Grecian style of architecture, reared in the prosperous days of the Republic, and filled with many noble specimens of the Venecian arts. A number of her treasures have been removed to Vienna and other European capitals, yet the galleries of the Doge's Palace contain many pictures of great merit. The churches of Venice are rich and elegant, but comparatively deserted. Her wharves and harbor, once crowded with ships, bearing home the wealth of the world, are now occupied by Gondolas, and the commerce of the Adriatic has been concentrated at Triest and other ports more favored, and

" Venice, lost and won,
Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,
Sinks, like a sea-weed, into whence she rose."

I visited Padua, the seat of Italian literature, and Ferrara, and Bologna, old, degenerate capitals of Central Italy, on my way to "Florence the Fair."

To-day has been a gala day with the Florentines, in taking down the flags of the provisional

government, and hoisting those of Sardinia and Parma, and declaring for Victor Emanuel, amid the booming of cannon and general rejoicing, in which I heartily joined, and hope and believe there is a better day dawning for Italy.

LETTER III.

Rome, October, 1859.

DEAR B.

My expectation was to have written again before leaving Florence, but I failed, and yet to pass unnoticed a place so conspicuous in the history of the past, would be doing violence to our compact. Florence was one of the strongholds of early republican freedom, and the birth-place of modern Astronomy. There the starry Gallileo, with his wooden tube, began to unfold the beauties of the wonder world beyond us, and to demonstrate the true theory of the solar system. There Dante and Tasso remodeled the Italian language, and sung its harmony in undying verse. There Michael Angelo, her noblest son, chiseled out for himself a fame as eternal as the marble that shadows it forth. And her greatest genius, the immortal Raphael, has left

upon the canvas the imprints of his undying fame. But Florence is famous for her beauties and attractions of the present. Its vast treasures of paintings and statuary, science and literature, which are equal to any in Europe, and free and open to all. The galleries of the Pitti Palace are surpassingly rich, and contain one of the finest collections of the great Masters ; many pictures by Raphael, Titian, Guido, Rubens, and Dominichino, and others of less celebrity, together with many fine specimens of statuary, among which is the celebrated Venus de Medici. In connection with the Pitti Palace, are the famous Bobili Gardens, said to be the most beautiful on the Continent. Florence has environs of exquisite loveliness, which are diversified with every object which can lend a charm to a landscape, refresh the eye, or delight the mind.

Its joyous Cascino, where the gay Florentines repair every evening for rides, drives and social enjoyments, is situated, as the city is, upon the bright, sparkling Arno, so immortalized by Byron, all combine to make Florence what the poet has described it to be :

“Of all the fairest cities of the earth,
None is so fair as Florence. 'Tis a gem
Of purest ray. Search within,
Without, all is enchantment. 'Tis the past
Contending with the present, and in turn
Each has the mastery.”

I stopped at the old city of Pisa to see its fine cathedral ; the noted cemetery, all the ground of which was brought from the Holy Land, and its leaning tower, one of the wonders of the world.

Thence I went to Leghorn, the chief port of Tuscany, from whence I sailed for Rome, landing at Civita Vecchia, and proceeding by railroad to the “Eternal City.”

No place on earth has so much interest for the thoughtful traveller. No one can enter the gates of Rome without feeling a thrill of enthusiastic pleasure, now that the bright visions of his early dreams, and the vague and undefined forms of history, upon which his imagination loved to dwell, are to become, in some degree, realities to him. To stand upon her ruined monuments, and look back through the long vista of the past, and trace the progress of Rome as it rose from a village of mud-built cottages to be the mistress of

the world, then, as the end of pride and ambition, mark her gradual decline through successive centuries, down to her present desolation, is to have for one instant so bitter an appreciation of the "vanity of vanities" as cannot otherwise be had through a life-time.

"Oh Rome ! my country ! city of the soul !
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires ; and control
In their shut breasts their pitty, misery.
What are our woes and sufferings ? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples ! ye,
Whose agonies are evils of a day—
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations ; there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe ;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Who's holy dust was scattered long ago ;
The Scipio's tomb contains no ashes now—
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers. Dost thou flow,
Old Tiber ! through a maible wilderness ;
Rise with thy yellow waves and mantle her distress."

Among the many wonders of Rome, nothing so astonishes me as the colossal proportions of her ancient ruins, and the insignificance of the largest buildings of the present age, even St. Peters,

when compared with the structures of the olden time. Buildings and palaces miles in extent are readily traceable by their broken walls and gigantic arches still standing, as enduring mementoes of the superiority and power of that mighty race by which they were reared and inhabited.

The Pantheon is the best preserved monument of the ancient city. The eighteen hundred Christian years have only admired it as the perfection of architectural beauty. The Coliseum is the grandest of the ruins, as well for its extent as for its desolate and silent majesty. The portion now standing is one hundred and fifty-seven feet high, and is the segment of an oval of immense magnitude : but sad inroads have been made upon it for its great wealth of material—granite and marble.

When ancient Rome thought it was rearing monuments, it was only depositing quarries.

“ A ruin ; yet what a ruin ! from its mass,
Walls, palaces, half cities, have been reared.”

Prominent among the ruins scattered over the Seven Hills, is the palace of the Cæsars, the golden house of Nero, the baths of Titus and Carical-

la, numerous temples, and the Senate House, where, in the days of republican virtue, the Roman Senators sat to deliberate upon the welfare of their country.

But by far the most interesting and attractive to me of all the wrecks of greatness, is the Forum, which was not only the great heart of Rome but of the vast empire—the scene of many of the most thrilling events in the great drama of human life. There was manifest the first dawns of legislative wisdom; there was framed and enacted those laws that were the source of the Roman power, the beneficial and controlling influence of which was demonstrated by her great statesmen and early masters—these were the focus and nucleus of Roman strength,

“ Whence a mandate, eagle-winged,
Went to the ends of the earth.”

There Cicero stood, when with burning eloquence he denounced the conspirators leagued with Cataline; there Horace and Virgil tuned their harps to immortal lays, and Sallust and Ovid recorded the wondrous deeds of the gods. Every tottering wall around me, as I stood in its

midst, seemed a history about which clustered a thousand interesting memories of her golden days, and each broken column an orator proclaiming in mute eloquence her former greatness. But truly

“The Goth, the Christian, time, war, flood and fire,
Have dealt upon the Seven Hill City’s pride.”

Modern Rome, the city of the Popes, has a population of two hundred thousand inhabitants. Its public statuary, fountains and monuments are very admirable. Equally so are its churches and princely palaces. Of the former there are three hundred and sixty-five, and one hundred of the latter. St. Peter’s, the sovereign of churches, I shall not attempt to describe. Its ornamental court yard and colonnades, and the colossal statues around the front, give it an imposing appearance. Its interior is gorgeously decorated. The altars are of the finest marble and precious stones. The whole structure was designed by Michael Angelo, and is more his monument than anything else.

The Vatican, the residence of the Pope, is equally indescribable. A writer says it contains 12,000 rooms, three hundred marble staircases,

twenty-four court yards and twenty chapels. It took me six days to go through it and merely glance at its vast treasures of art. Its collection of paintings and statuary is reputed the finest in the world. The gem of the gallery, is the Transfiguration, by Raphael, perhaps the greatest picture ever painted, and the last production of the artist. The next in rank is the Communion of St. Jerome, by Dominichino. The principal piece of statuary, and an object of world-wide admiration, is the Apollo Belvidere.

Yesterday being All Saint's Day, was a day of celebrity among the Catholics. The Pope and his court of Cardinals paraded the streets in public procession, and performed high mass at one of the churches on the Corso. The Pope rode in a glittering carriage, drawn by four black horses. On arriving at the church he was carried in on a large chair, upon the shoulders of men. Pius IX. is a weak and apparently effeminate old man, who looks as if his nature comported with his name. He is reputed to be devout and good, and anxious for the welfare of his subjects ; but his wishes are overruled by Antonelli, his chief counsellor,

who is, in truth, the ruler of the Roman States.

The bloodless revolution of Central Italy still progresses, and has progressed so far as to need nothing but the sanction of a European Congress to make it one of the independent kingdoms of Europe, which, from the signs of the times, it will be very soon.

LETTER IV.

Athens, Nov., 1859.

DEAR B.

I remained at Naples but eight days, all of which were occupied in seeing the many places and objects of interest in the city and vicinity. The approach to Naples, from its far-famed bay, presents a scene of highly varied and most picturesque beauty. The city, like an ornamental crescent, extends twelve miles around the shores of the bay, rising gradually in terraced rows, with beautiful gardens, and stately palaces and villas, embosomed in rich groves of orange and evergreens, one above the other, to the height of twelve hundred feet, all crowned by the great castle of San Elmo and the fine church of St. Martino. A little to the right rises hot-headed and hotter-hearted Vesuvius, towering over all to the height of near six thousand feet.

Around Naples is a combination of scenery not to be met with elsewhere, though there are portions of it to be seen in every country. There is a bay of surpassing beauty, interspersed with islands, cities, and villages, adorned with their churches, villas, and palaces. Plains, mountains, and volcanoes gathered in one splendid panoramic view. There is also the grandeur of the past, combined with the beauty of the present. Temples in ruin, and those that are perfect; living cities and buried ones, and over all the peculiar beauties of an Italian sky, 'that appears to impart to every thing an additional charm.

Prominent among the objects of interest in the vicinity of Naples are the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. They are about eight miles apart; Herculaneum at the base of the mountain nearest the city of Naples, appears to have been buried beneath the floods of molten lava to the depth of about ninety feet, and the present city of Portici is built over it. We descended a flight of an hundred steps, torch in hand, to the buried city, where we could wander along the excavations, and through the arched

halls and passages of the palaces, theatres and larger buildings where the lava had not penetrated ;—the fine marble columns crowned with Corinthian capitals still standing in their temples, attested the elegance of the ancient city. The excavations progress but slowly, the rubbish being generally thrown back behind the laborers, rendering much less of the city accessible than has been excavated.

Pompeii, at the south-west angle of the mountain, nearest the present city of Sorento, is much more interesting and instructive than Herculaneum. Both, it is supposed, were buried by the same eruption about eighteen hundred years ago, but by different matter, Pompeii appears to have been destroyed and buried by the raining of cinders, ashes, and earthy substances, accumulating until it crushed in the roofs of the houses, and buried the city to the depth of from fifteen to twenty-five feet, all of which is easily removed, leaving the walls, gates, streets, alleys, houses, and temples exposed—walking through the streets is like walking through a city that had been recently deserted, and left desolate and

silent. Nowhere else can so perfect a knowledge be obtained of the style of building among the ancient Romans, the domestic arrangement of these houses, kitchens, and shops, the internal arrangements of their palaces, temples, theatres, and courts of justice, with all the appurtenances of social and civilized life. The various colors in paintings on the walls are as fresh and bright as if they had been but just put on. The mosaic floors laid in different colored marble, representing various birds and animals, looked as if they had been recently scoured, and that we, in walking on them, were intruders, taking advantage of the temporary absence of the Pompeians. The temples and public edifices of the Pompeians were splendid, especially their Forum.

“ Whose lofty columns stand sublime,
Flinging their shadows from on high,
Like dials which the wizard time
Had raised to count his ages by.”

They have laid bare about one fourth of the city, from which they have obtained vessels, tools, implements, and articles of every kind, quality and variety, used among the ancient Romans, many corresponding with ours of the

present age—besides immense treasures of plate, jewelry, and coin that are to be seen at a museum specially prepared for their reception at Naples.

In ascending Mount Vesuvius, we passed over hills of fresh lava, the result of the eruption of last spring, which had run over and destroyed many houses and much property, [and is still running. We approached to the verge where it was gushing out in liquid floods, like molten iron, and pressing slowly and majestically down the sides of the mountain. The apertures, whence the lava now issues, are in the side of the mountain over a mile from the top or crater.

The ascent of what is denominated the cone of Vesuvius, one mile high, is very steep and difficult, owing to the frequent giving way of the cinders and ashes under foot, and the consequent sliding back ; but the top once attained, we are amply rewarded for our fatigue. The view of the Bay of Naples, with its numerous islands, the city and its beautiful environs, is noble—but nobler still is a peep over the edge of the crater, down two or three hundred feet, into the great

boiling chaldron of Vesuvius, of red and blue fire, where we see displayed in awful shadowing the mighty works of Jehovah.

Around the crater, and over the flat surface at the top of the cone, large quantities of strong, sulphurous smoke, accompanied with a blue blaze, issues from the cracks in the lava, which is suffocating when it arises, but the constant prevalence of the wind, at so great an elevation, generally dissipates and disperses it immediately. The descent of the cone is easily and quickly accomplished. A few steps, with the accompanying long slides, take us to the base.

In sailing down the Mediterranean, we passed near the foot of Stromboli, a volcano now inactive.

Messina, the commercial emporium of Sicily, is large and well built, but like the other cities of Sicily, but a shadow of its former self.

In pushing out of the straits of Messina, we had a fine view of Mt. Etna—whose eruptions the ancients accounted for by the belief that the Titan Euclyades was confined beneath it—and roared and vomited his wrath in his endeavors

to throw off the man that had him down. But the giant is "gone out" in one way or the other.

Eastwardly across the Mediterranean for three or four days there was nought to interest, save the sun and star-lit sky above and dark blue waves beneath, until we came to the entrance of the *Ægean* sea.

The *Ionian* Islands presented a charming prospect—each island is noted for some celebrated deed of its fabled hero or god—so mixedly real and mythological that you cannot tell which they are—and these associations, together with the calm beauty of the scene itself, gave a fresher impulse to the fancy than anything I had yet seen.

We soon entered the harbor of *Piræus*, the ancient as well as modern port of *Athens*, and were upon classic soil on our way to the city so renowned for its many struggles—its heroes, poets, and orators. It is situated at the head of a beautiful valley, six miles from the bay.

As this letter is already sufficiently long, you may look for my *Athenian* experience in the next.

LETTER V.

Constantinople, Nov., 1859.

DEAR B.

In Athens there are but comparatively few monuments of its former greatness and renown left standing. The ancient city attained its meridian splendor under the administration of Pericles, five hundred and fifty years before the Christian era. That great ruler, aided by Phidias, whom the ancients were satisfied to call the "great stone cutter," left behind him those splendid monuments that have been the admiration of the world in all succeeding ages; and notwithstanding the repeated efforts that have been made to destroy them, they still stand, the noblest and most interesting ruins in existence, imperishable proofs of the superiority of the ancient Athenians in taste and genius over all others, either of ancient or modern times

Most conspicuous among the ruins of the Acropolis is the Parthenon, the wreck of the grandest edifice ever reared, and hallowed by the noblest recollections that can stimulate the mind. As I wandered through its courtly halls and over its prostrate columns, and reverted to those brighter days of Grecian glory, when her heroes, patriots, and sages assembled there to teach wisdom, honor, and virtue to the ancient world. While thus meditating, the truth of those beautiful lines of Byron was forcibly impressed upon my mind—

“Ancient of days ! august Athena ! where,
Where are thy men of might ? thy grand in soul ?
Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that were ;
First in the race that led to Glory’s goal,
They won and passed away—is this the whole ?
A schoolboy’s tale, the wonder of an hour ;
The warrior’s weapon and the sophist’s stole
Are sought in vain, and o’er each mouldering tower,
Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.

Son of the morning, rise ! approach you here !
Come, but molest not yon defenceless urn ;
Look on this spot—a nation’s sepulchre !
Abode of gods whose shrines no longer burn.”

True, the shrines of the imaginary gods of the

Greeks no longer burn, but while standing upon Mars Hill, where St. Paul stood when he unfolded to the astonished Athenians the mysteries of the unknown god whom they ignorantly worshipped, I saw a forcible illustration of the enduring truth of those Gospel mysteries he endeavored to teach to the heathen Greeks, in the fine Greek churches, and the neat English chapel that stood at the foot of the hill ; fit abodes, as St. Paul taught, of that God whose kingdom is not of this world ; while around the marble temples of the heathen deities were desolate—tumbling to ruin.

The remains of the temple of Minerva on the Acropolis is very ornamental, and a beautiful piece of architecture. The remains of the temple of Jupiter, the largest of the Grecian temples, is in the western part of the city ; but the best preserved of all the Grecian temples is that of Theseus, the “most virtuous of all the heroes,” though some of his “virtuous” deeds read oddly enough now. There is not a column or stone of this temple amiss. It is built of white marble, like all the ancient temples of Athens, and looks

as much like standing forever as it did twenty-five hundred years ago.

Since the Greeks have thrown off the yoke of the Sultan, they are gradually but slowly rising from the degraded condition incident to their long oppression. May we not hope that our own American missionaries who are so earnestly employed there, may rapidly see the fruits of their self-denying labors.

The modern city, the capital of King Otho's dominions, is built upon the site of ancient Athens, and has a mixed population of thirty thousand inhabitants, who possess but few of the ennobling traits of their illustrious ancestors, being deceptive and treacherous—degenerate sons and unworthy descendants of Leonidas and Pericles, Plato and Demosthenes.

The next place that claimed my attention was the site and plains of ancient Troy, at the mouth of the Hellespont in Asia Minor, the scenes of the struggles of Achilles and Hector, the woes of Piram and the bullyings of large-limbed Ajax, all about the beautiful Helen, so immortalized in the tale of Troy divine. If Helen had been a

virtuous woman, and the Illiad never written, who would have been the father of poetry, I wonder? The lonely tomb of Achilles is all that is prominent upon the extensive plain.

LETTER VI.

Constantinople, Nov., 1859.

DEAR B.

I did not "stand upon Achilles' tomb and hear Troy doubted," for fortunately for our own enjoyment there was no sceptic in the party. From thence we proceeded by the sea of Marmora to Constantinople, or as she is here denominated, the Queen of the East. The morning of our approach to the city was bright and beautiful; and nothing could have presented a more magnificent scene, than the city rising, apparently, as we approached, from the bosom of the surrounding waters in all its Oriental splendor; its numerous gilded domes and minarets, glittering in the morning sun, made up a charming scene. Lying in the "Golden Horn," the city's famous harbor, and looking around, I thought as I had

heard that there was no city in the world nature had done so much for. But all my magnified notions about the splendor of the city of Sultan immediately went to the thinnest of thin air, when I went ashore, and found narrow, crooked, filthy streets, thronged with all manner of human beings, dogs and donkeys, in horrible and impassible mixture. Here all those commodities that in other cities are hauled upon drays and wagons, are carried upon the backs of men and donkeys ; the dogs, the only scavengers, are a prominent institution of the city. The capital is strictly Oriental in character, and much more Asiatic than European.

Here we find representatives of all nations, each wearing his own national costume, speaking his own language, and observing his own peculiar manners and customs : this, of course, gives to the numerous crowds that throng the bazaars and thoroughfares, a most motley and curious appearance.

Of Byzantium, the ancient city of Constantine, who removed his capital here from Rome, there is but little now remaining, except the burnt

column, a few obelisks, the mosque of St. Sophia, and the famous cistern of Constantine, the greatest antique curiosity. This latter is under ground ; the brick arches are supported by one thousand and one granite columns, about fifty feet high, a portion of their base being buried. It is now used the citizens for rope walks and other purposes. Constantinople is very irregularly built ; the buildings are generally two stories high, mostly built of wood and covered with burnt clay ; the mosques are numerous, large and fine ; the bazaars are extensive, and contain large quantities of rich merchandize, and many gaudy fabrics and trinkets from the East. Yesterday was a Turkish *fete* day. The Sultan and his entire court were out in public procession, and a large portion of the Turkish army paraded, making a gaudy and imposing appearance. The Sultan rode on horseback, his horse much more finely attired than himself. The trappings of the Sultan's horse are among the finest and most costly things of the empire, sparkling with diamonds, rubies and sapphires. The Sultan was plainly clad, partly in Turkish and partly in European

style. His officers of state were large, fine-looking men, except the Chief Eunuch, who is the third personage of the empire, and a full-blooded ugly African.

Sultan Abdul Medjid is a fine-looking man, about thirty-four years of age. He has a mild amiable face, dark eyes, prominent nose, and short, dark brown mustache and beard. He wields his sceptre with mildness, is very popular with his subjects, and is inclined to reforms in his government, but is held in check by his counsellors.

A stranger can see but little in Constantinople, without a firman from the government, for which we had to pay six hundred piastres.* That admits you to all the mosques, palaces, tombs of the sultans, and government establishments, embracing most that is attractive in the Turkish capital.

I shall depart, convinced that one who wishes to leave Constantinople, with a favorable impression, should only take an external view, and be careful never to enter the city.

* A piastre is about five cents.

LETTER VII.

Jerusalem, Dec., 1859.

DEAR B.

Since my last from Constantinople, it has been my privilege to witness much of Oriental life, and of the manners and customs of the various semi-barbarous and mixed races and tribes which inhabit these Eastern climes, from the wild and savage Bedouin of the desert, through the various gradations up to the enlightened European, that we find here and there mixed among them. To an inhabitant of the New World all this is full of interest and instruction, as by it we learn the nature and condition of things that exist here in these distant lands, which were the first inhabited and the first trodden by the foot of man, and from whence the star of light and civilization arose, taking its course westward, shining brighter and brighter

upon each successive nation and generation, until it now shines in brightest splendor from the zenith of its glory upon our own enlightened and happy country. Having witnessed what I have, of the various conditions of mankind, seen the oppressed and down trodden, the half naked and starving, the poor mendicants in their wretchedness, the poor Arabs in their filth and ignorance, and the savage in his degradation, I can more properly appreciate the blessing it is to be an American citizen, one of a nation blessed so far above the common allotment of our kind.

From Constantinople we (I have, you know, two American travelling companions, very excellent gentlemen, Mr. Hall, of California, and Col. Crittenden of the American army) went to Smyrna, the chief city of Asia-Minor, a place of great wealth and extensive commerce, consisting chiefly of fruits, silks, and spices brought from the East: it has also an extensive interior trade with Persia, Tartary, and India. One of the finest Oriental sights that we have seen was at Smyrna—a caravan of three hundred camels coming in laden with the products of those

countries, which are displayed in rich and gaudy profusion in the great bazaars of the city. The bazaars are strictly Oriental things, and places possessing much interest to the stranger. They are generally stone buildings, arched over and lighted from the top, each appropriated to the vending of some particular product or article of merchandize. In passing through those where the Eastern spices are sold, there is a pleasant fragrance prevailing, and we inhaled a sweetly perfumed air, which caused us to linger and ask many questions as to their names, nature, and uses. The bazaars of the Eastern cities are generally occupied by Armenian, Greek, Persian, and Turkish merchants, who sit cross-legged upon a divan in front of their establishments smoking their chibonks and nargheles, with an indifferent, indolent air, awaiting the motion of their customers ; while occasionally mixed among them we saw a Frank (that is a term applied to all Europeans in the East) or a Jew, with his keen eye and anxious look, awaiting to fleece the unsuspecting.

Such are some of the features of infidel Smyrna,

as it is termed by the Turks. There are living in the city sixty thousand Christians, (so called). It is the seat of one of the Seven Churches of Asia founded by St. Paul, and is said to be the only place in the world where the gospel has continued to be preached ever since it was first proclaimed there by the great Apostle of the Gentiles.

The next places of greatest interest we visited apart from Syria, were the islands of Patmos, Rhodes, and Cyprus in the Ionian sea. Patmos is the island where St. John saw his wonderous vision, and wrote the Revelations which completed the mighty roll of Prophecy, that had, for a thousand years, been unfolding, and closed and sealed up the communications of God to man.

Rhodes is a noble old city, majestic in its delapidation. It was famous in the earlier times as being the birthplace and stronghold of a celebrated order of knighthood and chivalry, which effected so much for the promotion and elevation of the *better half of creation* that now occupies so exalted a place in the society of all enlightened countries, more especially in ours.

The chivalrous relics of the city are magnificent; its walls; towers, gateways and stately old buildings correspond well with our notions of their proud founders. Here stood, in the days of her commercial prosperity, a colossal statue, bestriding the entrance to the harbor, of such immense proportions that ships passed and repassed beneath it. The Isle of Cyprus, so celebrated, in the earlier days of Grecian glory, for her arts, arms, and pretty women, and, in later times, as one of the fields of the Apostle's labors, is now like most other places under the Turkish yoke, fast waning to insignificance.

A day out at sea from Cyprus, we had our first view of the shores of Palestine, and the mountains of Israel; shortly after which we were landed at Beyrout, (the ancient Byrtus) at the foot of Mount Lebanon, the principal city of Syria a place of considerable commerce, and extensive trade with the interior, Damascus, Bagdad, and Aleppo. The city is finely situated, upon a projection extending into the Mediterranean from the foot of Mount Lebanon. Its fine groves, of orange, lemon, and palm, gave it a

tropical and beautiful appearance. Thence we went to Haifer, (the ancient Caiaphas) and Mount Carmel, in the ancient dominions of Hiram, king of Tyre, where the chief attraction is the altar, reputed to have been erected by the prophet Elijah, for the triple purpose of sacrificing and confounding the worshippers of Baal, and demonstrating the existence and power of the true God.

Continuing in the same direction, we arrived at Jaffa, (the ancient Joppa) which stands upon a promintory, conspicuous from the sea, as well as from the great plain of Sharon. It is the seaport of Jerusalem, as in ancient times, and is a place of considerable trade, but the ancient harbor, where the ships of Tarshish and the fleets of Tyre were accustomed to moor in safety, is now filled with sand and inaccessible ; ships now anchor out in the open sea and communicate with the shore by small boats. The plain around Joppa is level, filled with fine gardens and groves of orange, pomegranate, and palm, hedged in with giant cactus from eighteen to twenty-five feet high. Through the midst of the gardens we

passed on our road to Jerusalem. After leaving the gardens we came out upon the great plain of Sharon, which stretches on to the blue mountains of Judea.

We passed the night at Remlah, (the scriptural Arimathea), at the latin convent, and were received and treated with the greatest kindness by the good old monks. Making an early start in the morning, we breakfasted at the wells of Jacob at the edge of the plain, upon what they had packed us up at the convent, and then winding our way among the mountains, upon our little Arabians, passed many places of scriptural renown. Just before sunset, being some distance in advance of our party, I crossed the top of a small hill, wound around an ancient inclosure, and Lo! the Holy City! forming the foreground of one of the grandest pictures I ever saw, the venerable old city with its dark groves of cypress, its walls, towers and domes glittered in the mellow rays of the setting sun, which appeared to stream across and illuminate the summits of the hoary hills of Judea, and terminate in a flood of rosy light upon the far off and lofty mountains of

Moab beyond the Dead Sea, the distance of which gave to the outline a beautiful purple tint, while extending along the base of the mountains lay the dark blue waters of the Sea of Death, four thousand feet beneath the spot from where I viewed them, making up a scene not sublime but indescribably beautiful. Our party having come up we enjoyed the scene until it faded away in the shadows of approaching night, when we rode slowly half a mile down to the Joppa gate and into Jerusalem, and stopped at the Mediterranean the principal hotel in the city. One can scarcely realize, in walking about Jerusalem that he is indeed in the city of David and Solomon ; that he is upon Mount Zion, Mount Moriah, and Mount Calvary, that he is standing by the pools of Siloam, and walking along the brook of Kedron, looking up from the valley of Gehosaphat at the city of Zion, and looking down upon it from Mount Olivet, standing upon the very spot where the Saviour of the world stood when He gazed upon and wept over the devoted city.

We are assured that it is the Jerusalem of the

Bible. Those natural developments, the everlasting hills, are much as they were when first visited by Abraham with his offering ; as they were looked upon and admired by the Kings of Israel ; as seen by the most sacred eyes that ever looked upon this fallen world ; and as they will ever remain. The present city is built of stone, the houses having domes and flat roofs, and being generally low. The city contains about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, made up of Christians, Jews, Turks, and Arabs. The Jews appear to be in the majority, and now occupy that portion of the city where the proud palaces of their ancient monarchs once stood ! Alas, how are the mighty fallen ! how sad is the contrast between former glory and present misery,—now nests of den-like houses, and filthy, crooked streets crowd the site of Solomon's gilded halls and Herod's marble courts, while squalid poverty and wretchedness crawl along, where formerly golden chariots rolled and regal splendor reigned.

The many sacred places of Jerusalem have been so often minutely described by writers that

I shall not attempt to describe them in this short sketch. The church of the Holy Sepulchre on Mount Calvary, is prominent among the objects of interest. The Via Dolorosa has been shown us, the way traditions point out as the one along which Christ bore his cross up to Calvary, which is the most illustrious of all the sacred places of the holy city, as being the place of the Savior's humiliation and triumph, and the means of redemption and salvation secured to our fallen race.

We leave to-morrow upon a tour to Bethlehem, the plains of Jericho, the Jordan and the Dead Sea, and regions around about. I shall have more to say of Palestine.

LETTER VIII.

Cairo, December, 1859.

DEAR B.

The day subsequent to the date of my last letter, having made our arrangements with the sheiks, by paying them one hundred piastres, for a guard and the privilege of traveling in their territory, we left Jerusalem by St. Stephen's gate, passing the spot shown as the one where the first Martyr suffered. Thence we descended to the valley of Jehosaphat, passed the garden of Gethsemane, and ascended to the top of Mount Olivet, crowned by the church of the Ascension, in which we were shown the place reputed to be that where the Savior bid a final adieu to his Disciples, and ascended to Heaven—leaving his foot print, and the print of his staff, in the rock.

From Mount Olivet the finest view is had of the Holy City, and its sacred surroundings.

Descending to the ancient road leading from Jerusalem to Jericho, in half an hour we came to Bethany, and were shown the tomb of Lazarus, also the remains of the house of Mary and Martha, the friends of the Savior, with whom he sojourned during his stay in the vicinity of Jerusalem. We descended by a rugged, rocky way to the fountain of the Apostles, and thence wound our way among the hills, or more properly mountains, which became more rugged and desolate as we advanced, until there was not a weed, nor shrub, nor tree, to relieve their frightful barrenness, which forcibly reminded us of the literal fulfilment of the prophecy, that declared that the land should become the abomination of desolation. After six hours of monotonous winding, without seeing the least sign of animated existence, except an occasional wild gazelle skipping over the parched and dreary hills, we came out upon the great plain of Jericho, at the foot of the mountain of Temptation, which tradition points out as the one from the summit of which the Devil showed our Savior "all the Kingdoms of the world and the glory of them," &c.

We pitched our tents for the night upon the site of ancient Jericho, and used water from the stream issuing from the fountain of Elisha, the bitter waters of which he healed. The once fertile plain of Jericho is now a sterile waste, with immense heaps of rocks and foundations of traceable walls, and broken towers, and with the remains of a Roman aqueduct stretching across the plain, many of the arches of which still remain perfect. Leaving our encampment early, we set out across the valley of the Jordan, which is now a barren desert. In two hours we arrived upon the banks of the sacred river,—the baptismal fount of Christ,—at the reputed place where the Israelites crossed to the Land of Promise, and also where the Saviour was baptized by St. John. The Jordan runs rapidly between high banks, and is a much larger river, and discharges a greater volume of water into the sea than I had supposed. Its banks are beautifully fringed with willow, cotton wood, and tamarisk, the dark green foliage of which marked its tortuous course through the valley to the Dead Sea, and strikingly contrasted with the surrounding waste.

After refreshing ourselves upon its banks, in the cool shade, taking breakfast, and bathing in its limpid waters, we turned down the valley, and in two hours, reached the desolate shores of the Sea of Death, the dark waters of which seemed to stretch far to the south, and, as far as the eye could reach, before and all around, blank hills, piled high over hills, pale, yellow and desolate, entombed at their base, forever, the dead and doomed Gomorrah. As we wandered along the beach, not a ripple disturbed the silent shore ; there was not even a fly that hummed in the forbidden air ; but a solemn silence reigned—no sign of vegetation upon the parched earth—not a sprig of grass nor weed pierced through the void sand—not the least mark or sign that either animal or vegetable life had ever existed in all its forlorn coast—except a few trees that had been borne down by some of Jordan's ancient floods, and spread their grim skeletons along its desolate shores, all scorched and charred, even to blackness, by the intense heat of the long silent years. The Dead Sea being thirteen hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean,

makes it undoubtedly the lowest part of the earth surface ; hence the oppressive heat that prevails there, the year round. Leaving the shores of the Dead Sea, we turned to the southwest through the hill country of Judea, which had the same sterile and dreary aspect as that we had traversed the day previous.

In six hours we reached the Greek Monastery of San-Saba, the oldest one in Palestine, and which has more the appearance of an immense fortress than a religious institution. Its situation is a most picturesque one, built up from a deep chasm, in a great cliff, many of the apartments being chiseled out of the solid rock and being the property of the Russian Greeks, who possess great wealth, which they have profusely expended in ornamenting and decorating its magnificent chapels. As we had letters, we were courteously received, and treated hospitably by the kind Monks. We stopped with them that night, and made an early start in the morning in the direction of the Pools of Solomon. On the way we passed several Arab encampments, and in three hours reached the more fertile vicinity of Bethlehem, which

abounds in cultivated fields, vineyards and olive orchards.

We passed through the reputed fields of Boaz, where Ruth gleaned after the reapers, which still, as of old, yield bountiful harvests to the husbandman.

The town of Bethlehem occupies an elevated position, and contains about six thousand inhabitants, all of whom are professed Christians. The chief branch of industry is the manufacturing of rosaries, chaplets, crucifixes, and scallop shells, in mother-of-pearl, which they sell to the pilgrims, who prize them highly, and carry them to all parts of the world. The place contains but little of interest except the Church of the Nativity, erected, in the early part of the fourth century, by the Empress Helena, through every part of which, we were conducted by the Latin and Greek Monks, who have surrounded it with a convent, and are now the guardians of the sacred spot. We were shown the reputed spot of the Savior's birth, the stone trough, or manger, in which he was laid ; the altar at which the Magi worshipped, the burial place of the Innocents, and many other

places of sacred association. The church is large, and its chapel rich and gaudy. In it are shown twenty marble columns, used in the construction of Solomon's Temple.

Bidding adieu to the hallowed scenes of Bethlehem, a place rendered forever illustrious and sacred to all christendom as being the place where the infant Savior first saw the light, we returned to Jerusalem; passing on the way the wells of Jacob and the tomb of Rachel, and reached the gate of Zion just as the great round moon was peering up from behind the distant peaks of Pisgah, clothing the towers of Jerusalem and her sacred hills in a mantle of soft silvery light. Already a solemn stillness prevailed, disturbed only by the shrill cry of the night bird in a neighboring cliff, and the bay of the wild dogs in the Valley of Hinnom.

In revisiting the different places of interest in Jerusalem, we found none more impressive than that called the Place of Wailing, which is that portion of the foundation wall of Solomon's Temple that still stands. There the descendants of Israel still meet to mourn their fallen destiny, and with

profound reverence kiss the rocks, and stand with their foreheads against them, uttering the most piteous wails and cries of, "How long, Oh, Lord! yet how long!" While standing looking and listening to their earnest mournful lamentations, I was reminded of the force and truth of Byron's sketch of the desolation of the Jews:

"Oh! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate,—whose land a dream;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell,
Mourn, where their God hath dwelt, the godless dwell!

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet?
And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet?
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leaped before its heavenly voice?

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest?
The wild dove hath her nest—the fox its cave—
Mankind their country—*Israel but the grave!*

* * * * *

On the Sabbath we attended divine service on Mount Zion, at the English Church, and heard a fine sermon in our own language, on the spot where the Gospel was first preached, that is to be preached in all the world, beginning at Jerusalem.

After having concluded our visit, and having seen all that is most interesting in the Holy Land, we took our departure by the Joppa gate, ascended to the top of the Hill, and turned to take a last, lingering look at the city so renowned in the history of the world — so conspicuously associated with the destiny of the Jewish nation — so immortalized in sacred song, as beautiful for situation and eternal excellence, “the joy of many generations,” but now so mournfully sad to contemplate under the shadow of departed glories ! Her present condition is aptly described by Heber:—

“Reft of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widowed Queen ; forgotten Zion, mourn !
Is this the place, sad city, this the throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone ?
Where suns unblest, their angry lustre fling,
The way-worn pilgrim seeks the scanty spring ;
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy viewed ?
Where now thy might, which all those kings subdued ?
No martial myriads muster in thy gates,
No suppliant nation in thy temple waits ;
No prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song.
But lawless force and meager want are there,
And the quick darting eye of watchful fear ;
While cold oblivion, amid the ruins laid,
Folds her dark wings beneath the ivy shades.”

Taking ship at Joppa, in two days we reached the African coast, and landed at Alexandria, the ancient Ptolemian capital of Egypt, and proceeded directly by railroad to this place, reserving the sights of Alexandria until our return. We were convinced, however, by passing observations, that Alexandria is the great commercial emporium of the East; the large number of ships in her harbor, the activity displayed in her marts of trade and business, and the many fine substantial buildings going up, were all indications of her resuscitation and rising prosperity. In passing through the suburbs of the city, we saw for the first time the perfection of the palm. The large groves of the date-palm, with their tall stately trunks, and fine golden clusters of ripe fruit, hanging among their long feathery foilage, added a charm to the scenery of Alexandria. Beyond and above them rose in majestic proportions Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needles, the chief and venerable relics of a fallen empire,—the enduring sentinels of a bygone age.

The Egyptian railroad is a substantial and fine one. The bridges over the Nile are constructed

of stone and iron, and are admirable specimens of architecture. The delta of the Nile, through which the railroad runs from Alexandria to Cairo, one hundred and twenty miles, for beauty and fertility surpasses any thing I have seen ; and there being no freehold landed estate in Egypt, the land all belongs to the Pasha. He lets it out in small quantities to his oppressed subjects, who cultivate it all, like a garden, in order to obtain a scanty subsistence from the small quantity of their products, allowed them by their tyranical landlord.

We arrived here in the night, and surrounded by Egyptian darkness, were driven to Shepard's Hotel, in a strangely constructed vehicle, conducted by a swarthy Egyptian, running before, bearing an iron basket of blazing fire upon the end of a pole. I was awakened my first morning in Cairo by a confusion of sounds, new and strange. I approached the window of my room, opening upon a public square, and the oriental scene, there presented, gave me my first true realization that I was in the land of mystery—Mysterious Egypt. The trees, shrubs and flowers were of a new type ;

birds, of a strange plumage, were singing merily among their branches ; the laden camels threading their dreamy way to and fro—while in front of the hotel there were a host of half naked donkey boys, with their gaily caparisoned donkeys, each recounting the excellencies of his beast in broken English, seeking custom—crowds of natives standing around in groups, clad in every variety of costume, vociferating and gesticulating in the most boisterous and vehement manner, as if they were all about to commence a general fight ; and, to add to the confusion, through their midst came a tall Arab, at full speed, in his long blue gown and white turban, cracking his whip right and left, not withholding its keen lash from the unfortunate natives, who chanced to be in his master's road, who followed in a gallop upon his Arabian, gaudily dressed in purple and gold lace, while his horse, still richer clad, glittered with velvet and gold: all reminded me of Saladin and the fabled mysteries of the East.

Having seen Cairo, and all the curiosities and places of interest in its vicinity, of which

I shall give you a sketch upon our return, we leave to-morrow, to cross the desert of the Red Sea.

LETTER IX.

Cairo, Egypt, January, 1860.

DEAR B.

As stated in my letter, we left the city of the Caliphs to cross the desert to the Red Sea,—How, or in what way? You may inquire. By what means would you suppose, but those which have been in requisition for thousands of years past? Seated upon the hump of one of those indefatigable beasts of the desert, and like all good Moslems, with our faces towards Mecca, we commenced the march! But not so; the spirit of this progressive age, and the light of science has penetrated even to the heart of benighted Egypt, and caused the desert wastes to echo with sounds new and strange; instead of the noiseless tread of the camel wending his slow and weary way, it is the clattering wheels and shrill snort of the modern charger, with his long *car-a-van* speed-

ing his way across the arid plains at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Thus favored, in five hours we reached Suez, the port of the Red Sea—instead of six days, the time required by the common mode of travel. The entire distance from the immediate vicinity of Cairo to the shores of the Red Sea, is a continuous desert, and apparently destitute of the very principle of vegetation, as no sign of any kind whatever appeared ; nor anything but a succession of extensive gravelly plains, skirted by hills and hillocks of glistening sand, which are the eternal prey of the sand storms and whirlwinds, changing them from one locality to another.

Suez is a small Arab town, containing a fine English hotel, and since it has become a link in the great chain connecting Europe with India, has considerable caravan trade.

We passed down the Red Sea to the reputed place where Moses led the Israelites across, and where Pharaoh and his host were destroyed. From its locality it accords so nearly with the scriptural account that one is induced to believe it is the identical place.

From there is seen in the distance Mount Sinia, rearing its lofty brow, which the imaginative fancy encircles with a halo of Divine glory, as the legislative chamber of Jehovah, where, in the midst of that terrific scene, He communicated to Moses the Commandments and the Law, which were thenceforth to be his rule and guidance as the leader of God's chosen people. The vast desert wilderness, too, that stretched away far and wide in the direction of Sinia, seemed to possess a venerable association as the scene of Israel's weary wanderings.

Grand Cairo, the *par excellence* of all Eastern cities, the city of the Arabian Nights, contains a population of between three and four hundred thousand persons, of all nations and dialects, grades and shades ; from the fair Circassian to the jetty Nubian and Abyssinian ; from the diamond splendor of the Viceroy and his glittering Court to the abject degradation of his poorest half-naked subjects.

The morning after our arrival at Cairo, we set out upon the far-famed Cairo donkeys to see the sights of the city (the *modus* adopted by all tour-

ists), and were surprised at their sprightliness and pleasant ambling pace, and the ease and rapidity with which they bore us along. We found these animals indispensable in visiting the great bazaars of the city, which were crowded with every description of humanity, laden camels, horses, donkeys, dogs and hand carts, mixed up in endless variety and confusion. Through the midst of all, our donkey boys urged their little animals, apparently at our peril, crying out, "Clear the way, the Hadjii comes," (that is a term applied to foreign dignitaries.) In going through the dense crowds, our mischievous donkey drivers seemed to delight in urging their little animals against, and upsetting the fruit stands of the old sedate Turks, and over the cakes and dates of the old Arabs, which they had spread upon the ground for sale, and through the midst, and scattering the groups of ghost-like women ; which afforded much amusement for our company. For extent and variety, the bazaars of Cairo excel all others in the East, and the dense masses that throng them are truly wonderful.

The streets of the city are generally narrow

and crooked,—but neat and clean. The buildings are three and four stories high, each story projecting over the other, so that the upper stories, in many of the streets, come very near together, so much so, as to entirely exclude the sun's rays from the streets, which are therefore cool and pleasant at all times. The wider streets are generally covered with matting thrown over a frame work. The common aspect of the interior of Cairo is far more striking and original than that of Constantinople, or any other city of the East—being purely Arabian. The Arabian architecture, though differing widely from other styles, in many respects, is admirable. The buildings are most picturesque in their construction, with large, prominent windows of wooden lattice work, elegantly carved, and neat little arched balconies in front of each, carved and polished in the most exquisite manner, as well as the frequent little bridges over the streets, forming passages from one house to the other : all contributed to give a peculiar and oriental aspect to the city. But one of the most striking features of the place is its inhabitants ; for it has

preserved its original eastern manners and customs, both in men and things, free from those inroads and innovations, that European civilization has made in most of the Turkish countries. None of the foreign mixtures that neutralize the nationality of Constantinople and Smyrna are here to be seen—none of the modern uniform and Greek fez adopted by the latter day Turks. Here the turban flourishes in its pristine volume and integrity—the long white gown of the Arab, and the sombre Copt surmounted by his tall black turban. But the greatest curiosities among the population are the Egyptian ladies. To see them passing, shrouded from head to foot in capacious black silk robes, with a white veil reaching from the top of their nose to the feet, leaving nothing visible but their dark elongated eyes peering forth, gives them a hideous ghost-like aspect. When on foot their voluminous wrappings and waddling gait gives them much the appearance of a walking wool-sack; but when mounted, or rather piled up astride on their donkeys, which their great mantle envelopes all but its ears, they look like—

nothing one has ever seen before under the sun—therefore there is nothing with which to compare them. Winding through the various high-ways and by-ways of the city, we arrived just before sunset at the citadel that overlooks and commands Cairo, from the battlements of which, certainly the finest view in the world is had. I have been favored with the privilege of fine views from many of the principal stand points in America, Europe and Asia, but then and there gave the palm to Africa. Embraced in one panoramic view, was, directly beneath you, the whole city of Cairo, with the gilded domes and graceful minarets of four hundred mosques, beautifully reflecting in the rays of the setting sun, its green squares and crowded bazaars, its walls, towers and gates, its accacia groves, promenades, and gardens ; in the suburbs, the mosque-tombs of the Caliphs, and monamental abodes of the giddy, gay Caireens after the fitful dream of life is over. A little beyond, winding its way through the richest valley of the earth, was the venerable Nile, whose broad, glassy surface, studded with sails, glittered in the evening sun

like a sheet of molton silver. To the right were Boulack and the site of Heliopolis, behind the sterile range of the Makattam; to the left the extensive plains where once stood Memphis, Acanthus, and Troias, with but a few broken relics of their ancient splendor, while further still, looming up in the distance, were the great gray Pyramids of Ghizeh, Sakkarah, and Dash-nor, skirting the boundless expanse of the great Lybian Desert: beyond which the bright orb of day sank, leaving a sunset, unequalled by any I had ever seen, surpassing even those I had beheld reflected upon the bright sky of Italy—and nothing that was ever written would so well describe it as Byron's fine description of a similar scene:

‘ All its hues,

From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse ;
And now they change ; a paler shadow strews
Its mantal o'er the mountains ; parting day
Dies like the Dolphin, when each pang imbues
With a new color, as it gasps away
The last still loveliest, till 'tis gone—and all is gray.”

The Pyramids next claimed our attention.

Leaving our hotel very early in the morning, on our before mentioned donkeys, we rode through a succession of cool avenues, thickly shaded by the beautiful acacia trees, to Old Cairo, where we crossed the Nile. There, monkish tradition points out the grotto which served as a place of concealment for the Virgin Mary and her Divine Son during the first period of their sojourn in Egypt. It is now in the possession of the christian Copts, who as much believe it to have been the abode of the Holy Family as they do that their country is the finest in the world. From the Nile to the Pyramids is eight or ten miles across the valley, which is interspersed with villages and groves of palm, passing over the ground on which Napoleon fought the celebrated battle of the Pyramids. On arriving at the base of the great Pyramids of Ghizeh, we are first made fully aware of their stupendous size—rising stately and regularly to their enormous magnitude—they appear before you, the most noted, as well as the oldest monuments in the world. In viewing and contemplating the Pyramids, there seems to be something that screens them from an easy and

familiar contact of our modern minds, which is disposed to associate them with the Alps and the Appenines, more as the creations of God than the works of men ; yet, upon closer inspection, we see the square, chiseled blocks, their nice adjustment and regular proportions, and we conclude they are quite of this world's creation. As to their construction, they were built at some remote and unknown age, like the coral rocks of the sea, by swarms of insects ; by swarms of poor Egyptians, who were the tools and slaves of power, and only received a scanty subsistence as the reward of their immortal labors. We ascended eight hundred feet to the summit of the Great Pyramid of Cheops, from whence the magnificent view from the citadel was reversed, and appeared to very great advantage. We also explored all its intricate interior ways, and central chambers. but these I have not space to describe. Near, and immediately in front of the pyramids, sits the lonely Sphinx, more wonderful than all else in the land of Egypt. It is colossal in its proportions, being twenty eight feet from the chin to the forehead, and in perfect

symmetry. Though a deformity to the present age, being a type of the elder world, that was doubtless fashioned after its most approved form of beauty, which has remained changeless in the midst of change. And the same sad, earnest, eyes that gazed upon us, had looked upon Abraham and Moses, and all the ancient worthies of Egypt—upon the glory of her forgotten dynasties—upon her Greek, Roman and Ottoman conquerors—upon the plagues, pestilences, and ceaseless miseries of her race—upon the wandering tourist of all ages—upon Herodatus, as it were, of yesterday, and Taylor of to day—upon all with ceaseless vigilance, the monster Sphynx has watched, and will continue to watch, we may presume, the same sleepless sentinel, through all time to come.

As I have already extended this sketch to a wearisome length, I will have a word more to say of Egypt in my next.

LETTER X.

Marseilles, January, 1860.

DEAR B.

Before leaving Cairo we revisited the citadel, having obtained permission to go through the celebrated mosque of Mahomed Ali, said to be built of finer material than any other building ever reared—chiefly constructed and lined throughout with alabaster. In and about its construction are more than a hundred large columns of pure alabaster. Near this, and within the inclosure of the citadel, is the place where the Mamelukes were massacred by order of Mahomed Ali, in 1811, which put an end to the Mameluke power in Egypt. Out of four hundred, assembled by invitation of the Viceroy, but one escaped, and he (Amer Bey) by forcing his horse over a precipice and falling fifty feet to the valley below, sacrificing his horse, but escaping unharmed himself.

Mahomed Ali, the wisest and ablest of the modern rulers of Egypt, though he effected much towards improving and elevating his oppressed country, has been severely censured for his treachery in entrapping his enemies under the garb of friendship, and then slaughtering them in the most inhuman and barbarous manner. He justified himself by the imperious law of necessity ; that the safety and welfare of his country demanded it.

Being satisfied we had seen all that was most interesting in the capital of Egypt, we departed by the Egyptian railway down the valley of the Nile, through a country, the antique and venerable renown of which, together with its historic and scriptural associations, renders it most interesting ; apart from which it possesses many strange and remarkable characteristics. There, human effort and nature's immutable law appear to have vied with each other in bringing together the most striking and wonderful contrasts ; the beautiful green valley of the Nile, abounding in the most varied and luxuriant vegetation, is skirted along by the Sahara or great African desert, spreading far and wide its dreary scenes of deso-

lation. In the immediate vicinity of monuments that have bid defiance to the ravages of time, and stood the storms of thousands of years, the princely structures of yesterday are mouldering away and tumbling to ruin. Where plenty abounds, the fertility of the soil is unequalled, and no country in the world yields so bountifully the goodly fruits of the earth, the poor Egyptians are half naked and starving—crushed beneath the iron yoke of a foreign oppressor.

In approaching Alexandria by railway, we pass many fine European villas, surrounded by beautiful gardens of tropical fruits and flowers, presenting a scene of elegance and luxury. The history of Alexandria stands very prominent in the annals of the past. From its foundation by Alexander the Great, it has been marked by many strange and remarkable characteristics; magnificence and misery, princely grandeur and squalid poverty and degradation, have been the various phases of its existence: and now to stand amid the ruins of the ancient city, and look around over the venerable evidences of her former greatness, we see congregated together the miserable

dens, caves and huts of the Arabs, the abodes of wretchedness and want, that strangely contrast with the ministerial and consular palaces, and government buildings of the new city, which appears to be growing rapidly in commercial importance, and bids fair again to become a city worthy to bear the name of its immortal founder.

Having concluded our Eastern tour, well satisfied and pleased with our experience among the Orientals, we bid adieu to the antique "Land of Egypt," the land of mystery and monumental renown—the cradle of the arts and sciences of the primitive world—the emination of that learning and refinement that has so blessed the Western nations, while she herself has sunk into semi-barbarism, after having been the first among the nations of the earth.

We embarked at Alexandria for Malta in one of the French Imperials, with fair prospects of a pleasant voyage. But the third day out from Alexandria, and off the coast of Africa, we encountered one of these severe storms, common on the Mediterranean, which continued with unabated fury for about twenty hours, producing one

of those scenes of the sublimity of nature not to be witnessed under any other circumstances. The long prevalence of the heavy winds blew up the water in immense rolling hills, ruffled by towering waves that dashed their angry crests over the ship, sweeping everything from the deck that was not permanently lashed ; threatening every moment to engulf us in the yawning chasm of the confused elements. But our noble ship dashed on, over and through the rolling mountains of water, bow to the wind, out-rode the storm, and landed us safely at Valetta, on the Island of Malta, where we found much to interest us among the relics of the chivalrous Knights of St. John, of Jerusalem, who, for ages, were the masters of the island.

Valetta is a strongly fortified city, possessing capacious harbors and great local and commercial advantages, which her English owners are not failing to improve. Malta abounds in tropical fruits, which constitute her chief article of export. The prevailing language is Italian, but the governmental affairs of the Island are conducted in English, which is being generally intro-

duced and spoken. The Church of St. John is a magnificent old church, built by the Knights, the floor of which is laid throughout with fine marble mosaic, representing the Grand Masters and various distinguished Knights, their armors and costumes of the various periods. It is a work of superior skill and excellence, not equalled by the finest, even at Rome.

The old palace of the Grand Masters, now the residence of the English Governor-General, contains a museum and collection of valuable relics and rare curiosities, collected by the Knights throughout the east, and sent to Malta their head quarters, which have been kept together by the various conquerors of the island, and now constitute the chief attraction of the city. Through the kindness of the Governor-General, we had them all shown and explained to us. The public gardens and pleasure grounds of the Knights are tastefully laid out and beautifully ornamented ; indeed, all that remains from their times, bespeaks the genius of the men and the nobleness of their order. Not far from the place is shown the spot of St. Paul's shipwreck, and believed by

the Maltese to be the identical place where the tempest tossed mariners were cast ashore and built their fire, and the stings of the adder proved harmless to their great Apostolic captive by Divine intervention.

Taking leave of Malta in the evening, morning found us nearing the coast of Sicily. Rounding the southern point of the Island, we passed through the Straits of Bonifacio, between Sardinia and the native isle of the immortal Corsican, the tall cliffs and bold promintories of which, presented some fine coast scenery. Bearing for the southern coast of France, in due time we entered the fine harbor of Marseilles, the great commercial emporium of the Mediterranean ; glad again to set foot upon the shores of Europe, feeling much as if we were at home, treading the soil of our own native land. We are forcibly reminded, however, by the cheerful strains of martial music, and measured tread of the soldiers beneath our window, that we are in military France.

P. S. To do justice to our officers, abroad, I should here state, that we found them kind and

accommodating ; both those to whom we had letters, and those whose acquaintance we otherwise formed. Especially so, we found our Consuls in the East—many of whose amiable and interesting families we found like Oasis in the Desert, or bright spots by the way, to cheer, and remind us of the happy home scenes in America.

From our Consuls there, we derived much valuable information concerning the countries, the condition of the inhabitants, the best mode to adopt in traveling, and whatever else pertained to our satisfaction and well-being. In regard to our Ministers and Consuls in Europe, as before stated, we found them clever and kind, and have not ought to say against them in the discharge of their duties. But we do say that our government, through them, imposes too heavy a tax upon her citizens, traveling abroad, in the way of *vises*, which is justly complained of, by all, and certainly is a defect in our foreign relationships, that should be remedied.

LETTER XI.

Paris, April. 1860.

DEAR B.

My long silence has doubtless led you to believe that I have forgotten my obligation, and am neglecting my duty, amid the charms and fascinations of gay Paris, which, I must acknowledge, has been, to some extent, the case. For there is no place in the world so well-calculated to allure one, from the path of duty, as the French capital, during the fashionable gay season, which is now closing. For a few months past, *fetes*, festivals, grand entertainments, balls, and parties, have been the rage with the Parisians, and strangers sojourning within her gates. The French people, in all that pertains to the social enjoyments of life, surpass all others. They appear to be careless and indifferent about the common affairs of life, and attend, diligently, to

those things that contribute most to their gay and giddy pleasures.

Their theatres and opera houses are large and elegant, more numerous and better attended, than those of any other nation ; their public gardens and pleasure grounds are furnished with more ingenious contrivances, in the way of swings, merry grounds, pantomime theatres, and almost innumerable other arrangements, not known, or to be seen, elsewhere: all for the amusement and enjoyment of the masses who throng them by thousands and tens of thousands day and night, and where all can be accommodated with good chairs by paying a sou or two. The Bois de Boulogne, or woods of Boulogne, near Paris, containing two or three thousand acres of land, is the fashionable drive and promenade grounds of the city, where millions have been expended in beautifying and ornamenting them with fine shrubbery, statuary, pavilions, fountains, artificial cascades, lakes, canals. In short, everything that a vivid fancy could suggest, calculated to delight the eye and please the mind ; and the fitness and adaptation of all to harmonize, proves the superior

genius and unequalled skill of the French in such arrangements.

Not less do we see their good judgment displayed in the general arrangement of their capital; especially the late plan adopted by the present Emperor, who has thousands of men at work, putting it into execution, widening and straightening the streets, and, in many instances, making new ones through the thickliest built portions of the city. And while hundreds of fine buildings are sacrificed, and being taken down, to make way for the new street, equally as many of a finer style, are being erected after them on the new street.

The streets are generally wide and well paved, the sidewalks broad and smooth, being made of asphaltum composition, put down in a molten state. When cooled it is hard and smooth, and very durable. The Boulevards, the gayest, finest street of Paris, runs in the form of a semi-circle through the city, taking different names along its course, and occupies the site of the old wall, which was demolished, the ditch filled up and a fine street made that has become the aris-

ocratic centre of the capital, and is from two to three hundred feet wide, set with rows of trees along the broad sidewalks.

Along the Boulevards, the public buildings, theatres, fine stores, and rich jewelry establishments abound, also the gaudy, brilliant cafes, which are a prominent institution with the French; who, as well as all others, crowd them constantly, to sit and converse, drink wine and coffee, smoke and read the newspapers, with an air of ease and indifference, as though the gratification of the present was all that concerned them.

Paris is the best governed and regulated, most perfectly systematized and orderly, as well as the finest and most attractive city in the world. The French empire has never been in as prosperous a condition as it is at present, never has been ruled by as able a ruler, one who has understood so perfectly the French character, and who is doing much more than any of his predecessors to improve and develope the resources of France.

LETTER XII.

Edinburg, May, 1860.

DEAR B.

Taking my departure from the French capital, after a very interesting and pleasant sojourn of three months, during which time I had a fair opportunity of studying the French character and mingling in society, improved my privilege, learned and saw much to admire among them; found them invariably polite and kind, and a generous, gay, mirth-loving people. I must not fail in this connection to bear testimony to the elegance and beauty of the Empress Eugenia. She looks quite youthful, and much the handsomest personage I have seen in Europe; the Prince Imperial is a noble looking boy, as to Louis Napoleon, this *deponent saith not*.

Havre is a large interesting city, and being the chief port of the extensive commerce with

the United States, is rapidly increasing, and bids fair to soon become the second city in the empire. Sailing for England, landed at Southampton, visited the Great Eastern, which is expected to make its trial across the Atlantic next month. I proceeded to London, where I was most forcibly struck with the contrast existing between the two great capitals. In Paris, the chief topics and engrossing subjects of conversation were the star performers at the theatres, and operas, the past and approaching brilliant fêtes, and balls; the end and aim, pleasure and social enjoyment. While in London, the absorbing themes were the price of stock exchange, the rates of interest, and advantageous prospects of commerce, the purpose, gain, and object—business.

I was present at the opening of the National Gallery of Arts, in London, on the 3d inst., and had a fine opportunity of seeing the Royal personages of England; it being opened by the Royal Family. Victoria looks, and walks, a Queen; her very flushed countenance shaded her beauty. Prince Albert is a fine looking man, but begins perceptibly to wear the marks of age,

being quite bald. The Prince of Wales is a fair, effeminate looking youth. The Princess Alice, the finest looking of the royal stock, has been contracted for by the Prince of Orange, heir to the throne of Holland. While sojourning in London, I became quite interested in the discussion of Lord John Russell's celebrated reform bill, and attended the debates in Parliament, when it was being discussed, and think, from the signs of the times, it will not pass, notwithstanding the great efforts and influence of its talented author. I heard Bright make a very able effort, and think him the finest of the English orators.

In my touring in the south of England, I visited Windsor Castle, the winter residence of Her Majesty, and was shown through it, and found it to be a very extensive establishment, but of humble pretensions, in comparison with many of the European palaces. Oxford possesses much to interest the tourist, being the great fountain of English literature. Oxford, and Cambridge, her rival, are the secret agents and foundations upon which rests the power and greatness of the British Nation, and from which

emanate those streams of light and knowledge, which radiate out, and penetrate into every dark corner of the earth, for the English are *par excellence* the missionaries of the world. The forges of Birmingham, and spindles of Manchester, with their numerous cotemporaries, are doing much to contribute to the individual wealth, as well as to the national and commercial prosperity of the kingdom ; as from them go articles of indispensable utility, into every establishment, from the cabin to the palace, of the whole civilized world. I was amazed in going through the immense establishments of those cities, to see what England was doing in the way of manufacturing.

But I forget that I am here in Edinburg, a place second to but few in interesting memories. Edinburg, the capital and pride of Scotland, is a city possessing many attractions, and boasts of an origin prior to Rome or Athens, and co-equal with Jerusalem. However that may be, it occupies an honorable place in the history of modern times, as the home of a brave, enlightened and independent people, claiming Victoria as their queen, descending from their line of kings, and

that England belongs to them, as much as they belong to England. There are many prominent objects around the city which at once attract the attention of the stranger. The dim, rocky fortress, rising to a great elevation, crowned by the castle, the ancient strong-hold of the Scottish kings, the Acropolis of Edinburg. has its legends, connecting with it many eventful scenes of the kings and queens of the olden times. In one of its apartments, occupied for a time by Queen Mary, is shown many articles that belonged to her, together with her crown, which are held in great veneration by the Scots. The castle is still held and occupied as a fortress, but in this peace-loving age, the thunders of its artillery are only heard once a year, as demonstrations of joy, to hail their beloved sovereign when she makes her annual visit.

Calton Hill, crowned with its many fine monuments to the noble sons of Scotland, commands a splendid view of the city, harbor, and surrounding country. Sailsbery Crag, and Arthur's Seat, within the Queen's Park, are fine specimens of natural scenery, near the base of which is the

old Hollyrood Palace, long the abode of the kings and queens of Scotland, and last occupied by King James VI., who was invited to occupy the throne of England as James I., which united the kingdoms of England and Scotland, and closed the long, bloody wars that had waged between the two kingdoms. The palace is now the temporary abiding place of Her Majesty when she visits Edinburg. The monument erected in the Princess Gardens, to the memory of Sir Walter Scott, is the finest monument in Europe erected to the memory of any individual. The green, flowery gardens occupying the site of the lake between the old and new cities, are beautiful, and form pleasant resorts for all classes of her citizens.

Through the generous kindness of the Hon. Thomas Murry, LL.D., a leading citizen of Edinburg, I have been shown all the places and objects of greatest interest in and about the city—through its famous University, its courts of law, its charitable institutions, for which it stands unrivalled, through its fine galleries of art, its national museums, and many places inaccessible but to an

influential citizen. The wide, spacious streets of the new city, its fine groves and ornamental squares, all combine to make it accord with what a writer has said the tour of Europe was necessary to see elsewhere, was here congregated in one city. Here are alike the beauties of Prague and Salsburg; here are the romantic sites of Oriviette and Tivoli, of Genoa and Naples; here, indeed, to the poet's fancy, may be realized the Roman Capital, and the Grecian Acropolis.

“ Even thus, methinks, a city reared should be ;
Yea, an imperial city, that might hold,
Five times a hundred noble towns in fee,
And either with their might of Bable old,
Or the rich Roman pomp of empery,
Might stand compare--highest in arts enrolled,
Highest in arms, brave tenements of the free,
Who never crouch to thrones, nor sin for gold.
Thus should her towers be raised, with vicinage
Of clear, bold hills, that curve her very streets,
As if to vindicate amid choicest seats
Of art, abiding nature's majesty !
And the broad sea beyond in calmer rage,
Chainless alike and teaching liberty.”

LETTER XIII.

Boston, June, 1860.

DEAR B.

I am happy in again having the privilege of writing you, with the quill of the American Eagle, beneath the shadows of our own vine and fig tree. Subsequent to the writing of my last sketch from Edinburg, I traveled in many interesting parts of Scotland, none more so than the Highlands, the native heath of Macgregor, a region in which every hill, and glen, and valley is filled with romantic and legendary interest, of deeds of valor and heroism. Being the scene of many of Scott's best novels, we can fancy we are seeing them illustrated, as the national costume of the Highlanders, which is very fantastic, has never been abandoned.

Glasgow on the Clyde is the great manufacturing city of Scotland, and for its number and

variety of manufacturing establishments, has no equal. Bidding adieu to the heroic land of Scott, Burns and Bruce, I sailed from Glasgow for Belfast, a large city in the north of the green Isle of Erin, a country not devoid of interest to the traveler; boasting of its Giant's Causeway, its Lakes of Killarney, and its Blarney Castles, all possessing their varied attractions. The general features of Ireland resemble very nearly those of England—the farms are small, the country highly cultivated, rewarding labor by bountiful yields. The country is densely populated, but in a more flourishing condition than it has been for years past. Dublin is a very fine city, comparing favorably in all respects with the first cities on the Continent. We get a very imperfect idea of the Irish and Irish character from the specimens we have among us, yet among them are many honorable exceptions. The higher classes are a noble, generous, fine-looking people. I took steamer from Dublin for Liverpool, where I had time, before the sailing of the *Arabia*, to see the great commercial mart of England, which in many respects looks very

much like New York, her great rival in commerce.

On the nineteenth ult. the fine steamship *Arabia* bore us off from the shores of the Old World, and on the twenty-eighth landed us on the shores of the New ; after a speedy and pleasant voyage, and just one year from the time of leaving home.

Having seen something of the four quarters of the globe, and traveled in twenty-seven States of our Union, and in all the British Provinces on this continent ; and traversed the country from the bleak cliffs and pine forests of Maine, to those charming flowery gardens of Nature, that skirt the banks of the Rio Grande ; and from the green slopes of the Atlantic, to the maiden forests, that stand in primitive majesty, over the hills of our western territories. I am prepared to say, that to see all the varied beauties and sublimities of Nature, as well as the grandest achievements of science, we need not go beyond the shores of our native land : for Nature here has been most bountiful in her gifts, and sublime in her works.

Her broad, deep, and almost endless rivers,

rolling silently and majestically to the ocean—her long ranges of lofty mountains—her rich and expansive valleys, teeming with the goodly fruits of the earth, and cattle upon a thousand hills—her boundless prairies, covered with waving verdure, and decked with thousands of nature's variegated beauties—her primeval forests, standing in their lonely solitude—her broad sparkling lakes, like seas of liquid silver—the ceaseless thunders of her mighty cataracts, commingling in awful harmony, a true copy of Nature's sublimest works—are not only not surpassed, but are not equalled elsewhere. Her bright, sunny skies, with the magic hues of her golden sunsets, are not surpassed even by those of Italy. The romantic beauty of the river scenery, of the Hudson, the St. Lawrence; Ohio and the Upper Mississippi; is not surpassed by that of the famed Rhine or Danube. And the fine picturesque scenery surrounding many of her lakes, will compare favorably with that surrounding the lakes of Switzerland or Italy. So to see all that is beautiful and sublime in nature, an American need

never go or look beyond the bounds of his native country, the

■ "Land of the forest and the rock,
Of dark blue lake and mighty river,
Of mountains reared on high to mock
The storm's career and lightning shock,
My own green land forever.
Oh! never may a son of thine,
Where'ere his wandering feet incline,
Forget the sky that bent above
His childhood like a dream of love."

COMPILED

Historic Sketch of Jerusalem.

—:0:—

Jerusalem, amidst the appalling tribulations and destructive revolutions of four thousand years, still continues an inhabited city. First mentioned in sacred writ as Salem, the Capital of Melchizedec, in the time of Abraham, (B. C., 1912,) it was afterwards conjointly the seat of the Jebusites and Jews for five centuries. Its longest interval of tranquillity, was when it acquired the name of Jebu-salem, which, slightly altered, it still retains. The stronghold of the Jebusites was at length conquered by David, (B. C., 1047.) This warlike monarch removed his capital from Hebron to Mount Zion, where he closed his long and glorious career, bequeathing to his son an enlarged dominion, with the spoils of vanquished nations.

Solomon, celebrated alike for his splendid temple, his profound knowledge, and unequalled magnificence, incited by the example of his Phœnician neighbors, adopted the

spirit of commercial enterprise, erected new cities, established Tadmor, (Palmyra,) as a caravan station in the desert, and despatched fleets upon distant and profitable voyages. The grievous burdens, however, imposed on his people, provoked them, in the reign of his successor, to disaffection and revolt, which led to the permanent separation of his extensive dominions, into the rival kingdoms of Judah and Israel. Egyptian invasion speedily followed, when the city and temple, (B. C., 791,) were pillaged by Sheshauk, (Shishak,) of whose success a remarkable record still remains on the sculptured walls of the temple of Karnac, at Thebes. Wars perpetually disturbed these kindred States, until that of Israel, at the end of two centuries and a half, was subverted by Salmonassar, when the ten tribes, carried beyond the Euphrates, were obliterated from the page of history; nor have the unceasing efforts of Mr. Wolf* been able to ascertain if they still exist.

The hostile incursions of powerful adversaries compelled Ahaz, king of Judah, (B. C. 740,) to seek the tributary protection of the encroaching Assyrians. A century afterwards, the State was beset by increasing and overwhelming calamities, and the Jewish capital was

* An English tourist, who spent many years in searching for them.

seized by Pharaoh Necho, sovereign of Egypt, who changed the succession, and bore away the king a captive.

Four years afterwards, subdued by Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, Zedekiah was established in Jerusalem as a tributary vassal. An unsuccessful attempt to throw off this galling yoke produced another invasion, when the country was again desolated, and the people enslaved. A renewed alliance with Egypt induced the Jews once more to revolt, (B. C. 588,) when their inexorable enemies ravaged the country, pillaged the city, destroyed the temple, reduced the inhabitants to slavery, and carried them captives to Babylon. Thus the kingdom of Judah was completely overthrown, three hundred and sixty-eight years after its foundation by David. Cyrus, having conquered Babylon, restored the Jews to their country, (B. C. 547,) with full permission to exercise their religion; and rebuild their temple. Their city, by degrees, arose from its ruins, their sacred edifice was completed, fortifications once more encircled the town, and it had probably attained its original extent and grandeur, when Alexander appeared with hostile intentions, after the destruction of Tyre. Awed by the appearance of the High Priest, he entered the temple with reverence, and, conciliated by submission, accorded protection and granted privileges to the Jews.

After the dissolution of his extensive empire, Judea,

seized by the usurper of Egypt, was successively exposed to the rapacious inroads and tyrannical rule of the Ptolemies and Selucidas. From the latter it was gallantly defended by the Asononian dynasty, (the Maaccabees,) in which, for more than a century, the sovereignty and priesthood were united; but becoming embroiled in civil commotion, foreign interference was invited, and Pompey (B. C. 59,) taking possession of the city, reduced it to a Roman dependence.

Antipater, a Jewish proselyte, from the neighboring State of Idumea, was then appointed prefect. His son and successor, Herod, emulous of the splendor he had witnessed at Rome, where he was invested with the insignia of royalty, embellished Jerusalem, rebuilt or restored the temple, and raised the stately city of Cæsa rea on the coast, which he made the maritime capital of Judea. During the period of tranquillity which succeeded the government of Herod the Great, no events recorded by the Evangelists distinguished Jerusalem.

The indignation of the Jews, aroused by the oppression of their governors, afterwards led to a state of turbulence and insubordination, that drew upon them the whole weight of Roman vengeance. Amidst the eventful siege of Titus, (A. D. 71,) the temple became a prey to the flames. It was plundered, demolished, and a ploughshare

passed over the ruins. The sacred vessels* were then carried to Rome, where some of their forms are still to be seen among the sculptures of the triumphal arch that commemorated the conquest.

In the beginning of the second century, Adrian commanded a new city, Rha, to be built on the site of Jerusalem, which afterwards becoming a Roman colony, the revolted Jews were finally dispossessed of their country. Its original name was again restored, by Constantine, whose mother, Helena, revived the ancient fame of the city by the numerous edifices with which she adorned it.

The project afterwards formed by the Emperor Julian, of reestablishing the Jews and rebuilding the temple, is asserted, both by pagan and Christian writers, to have been frustrated by divine or supernatural interposition. Jerusalem, considered as an important appendage to the eastern empire, was, in the reign of Heraclius, (A. D. 614,) desecrated and despoiled by Khosroo, the Persian conqueror. Once more in the possession of Heraclius, Syria and Palestine were successfully invaded by the Arabs, and

* These were taken by the Vandals when Rome was pillaged, (A. D. 455,) but were afterwards recovered at Carthage, and presented by Justinian to the Christian Churches at Jerusalem. Falling subsequently in the hands of Khosroo, they were taken to Persia and irrecoverably lost.

Jerusalem besieged in 637. To the moderns, the holy city, both as the scene of long-continued prophetic inspiration, and of Mohammed's marvelous journey to heaven, was the object of high veneration. The ostensible mission of the prophet of Mecca, was to abolish idolatry and re-establish the faith of Abraham and his inspired successors. He acknowledged the prophetic character of the founder of Christianity, but declared the true faith had been grossly corrupted, both by Jews and Christians.

After a siege of four months, maintained on both sides with great bravery, Jerusalem was reduced to the necessity of yielding, the enfeebled state of the Greek empire allowing no hope of relief. The inhabitants, after much negotiation, agreed to surrender, but insisted upon receiving from the Caliph in person, an assurance of security and protection. Omar, the second in succession from the prophet, acceded to their wishes, and came especially to Medina to secure their submission. Although invested with supreme authority, he traveled in the ordinary garb, and with all the simplicity of an Arab of the desert. A scanty supply of provisions in two sacks, a skin of water, and a wooden bowl, which served indiscriminately the little party at their frugal meals, were carried by the camel on which he himself was mounted. The companions of his journey were few, and at whatever town

he halted, he pursued his customary habit of preaching and administering justice. On his arrival, refusing a residence that had been prepared for him, he took possession of a tent without the walls, amid the joyful acclamations of his troops, whom he engaged next morning in the public exercise of devotion. With Sophronius, the Greek patriarch, all was amicably arranged, and the terms then conceded are remarkable for their moderation, and worthy of notice, as forming the basis of those usually granted in the early period of Mohammedan conquest. New religious edifices were forbidden to be constructed, but existing churches were permitted to remain, and commanded always to be open to any that might be disposed to enter. All Moslem travelers were to be entitled to hospitality for three days. No attempt was to be made to convert Mohammedans, the Koran was not to be used for the instruction of children, nor was any Christian to be hindered from embracing the new doctrines. Deference and respect were to be shown to Moslems, in whose presence their Christian subjects were not allowed to be seated. A distinction was to be observed in the dress, forms of salutations, and names of Christians. They were required to relinquish the use of saddles, arms, and inscriptions in Arabic on their rings, and were neither to sell wine or intoxicating liquors. Uniformity in dress was enjoined, and girdles were ordered to be constantly

worn. The exhibition of crosses and books in the streets was prohibited, nor were the former allowed on churches. Bells were only to be tolled, Moslem domestics were not allowed, and Christians were commanded not to overlook the houses of their Moslem neighbors, or to be spies on their actions.

Tribute and taxes were to be paid with punctuality, the sovereignty of Omar to be acknowledged, and no projects, either directly or indirectly injurious to him, were to be entertained. Compliance with these terms was to insure to the inhabitants of Jerusalem their lives, property, and the free exercise of their religion, to guarantee them from insult and violence, and like the other subjects of the Cailiph, they were to be under his immediate and perpetual protection.

These articles accepted, the gates were thrown open, and the Cailiph, attended by Sophronius, viewed the antiquities of the city. They visited together the church of the holy sepulchre, where, when the hour of prayer was proclaimed, Omar refused to perform his devotions, lest the spot afterwards should be considered as sacred by his followers, and the Christians on that account be dispossessed of the church. He then requested a place to be assigned where he might build a mosque, and the situation of the stone on which Jacob lay, when he saw the vision of the

angels, being pointed out, he instantly began to clear it from rubbish, zealously seconded by his officers in the pious work. A superstitious veneration was thus conferred upon the rock, and as Mohammed was supposed to have commenced his miraculous ascent to heaven from the same spot, it was held in the highest reverence by all professors of the Mohammedan faith. An oratory was raised over it, which, enlarged and embellished by later Caliphs, became eventually a sacred and splendid station of Moslem devotion. But how the identity of this stone, a portion of the living rock, was ascertained, or in what part of the original temple it was included, are Moslem legends, which, with our imperfect knowledge of their innumerable traditions, it would be hopeless to investigate.

The successors of Omar speedily forgot his example of moderation and tolerance, and the oppressed Christians, in the time of Haroun el Raschid, were compelled to solicit the friendly interposition of Charlemagne, for permission to retain the holy sepulchre. In the contention of rival Caliphs, which subsequently annexed Palestine to the government of Egypt, the Christians were again persecuted, and their churches destroyed.

In 1048, the merchants of Amalfi, trading to the Levant, were allowed by the Moslem sovereign of Egypt to erect a

hospital for pilgrims at Jerusalem. This inconsiderable foundation afterwards gave rise to the order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, who, driven from the East, were finally established at Malta. The Turks, a barbarous Asiatic tribe, having embraced the prevailing Mohammedan faith, made a successful eruption into Syria, and captured Jerusalem in 1076. Fierce, extortionate and intolerant, their flagrant outrages interrupted the course of religious pilgrimage then greatly in vogue.

Although the Holy City was again recovered by the Caliph of Egypt, the oppression of Christians was little abated when Peter the Hermit, who had witnessed the hardships imposed on Christian pilgrims, appealed in their behalf to the princes and prelates, and roused the indignation of all Europe.

Moved by his pathetic representations, thousands, of all conditions, enrolling themselves under the banners of distinguished leaders, impatiently rushed forward. Fired with impetuous zeal to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the infidels, they made their way to Jerusalem (A. D. 1099,) their tracks everywhere marked with desolation and bloodshed.

On approaching the city their enthusiasm knew no bounds. They fell on their knees—they kissed the soil—invoked the aid of Heaven for the completion of their design, and forget-

ting their suffering, broke forth in psalms and pious chants. The siege was protracted to forty days. A procession of clergy and warriors encompassed the town ; excited by visions and prophecies, they expected the wall to fall before them like those of Jericho. The town, defended by a garrison of forty thousand men, was taken by assault. No quarter was given to the infidels—unsparing massacre and plunder everywhere tracked the savage course of the conquerors. Many thousands who had taken refuge in the spacious halls of the Mosque of Omar, were sacrificed with pitiless ferocity ; even the terrified Jews were burnt in their synagogue, to which they had retired for safety.

The soldiers of the cross, satiated with carnage, their hands reeking with blood, rushed to the Holy Sepulchre, prostrated themselves in adoration before him who had borne meekly the scoffs and buffets of his persecutors, who had inculcated forbearance and forgiveness, whose pure precepts breathed peace and good will.

Godfrey, Duke of Lorraine, mounted the throne of Jerusalem, but in less than a century the Latin Kingdom was subverted, and the Holy City surrendered in 1187 to the arms of Saladin. Terms of submission were at first refused ; the example of the Christians when they first gained possession being alleged, a determination to follow it declared. Yielding, however, to the solicitations of the

Governor, a ransom was accepted from the inhabitants, who were not only suffered to depart with their portable property, but were protected by an escort from robbery and insult.

The patriarch was permitted to take with him the rich decorations of the Holy Sepulchre, of which four priests were allowed to remain as guardians. Churches were now converted into mosques; bells were removed and crosses thrown to the ground. The Sakhara, which had been consecrated and adorned by the Christians, was devoutly purified by the sons of the Sultans with rose water, purposely brought from Damascus, while the holy stone in the centre which the late possessors had carefully incrustated with marble, in belief that it bore the impress of our Savior's foot, was again exposed for the benefit of the faithful.

Domestic discord among the Moslem rulers caused Jerusalem to be once more ceded to the Christians in 1229, during the extraordinary crusade of the Emperor Frederic the Second; but ruined, defenceless, and reparations prohibited, it was soon brought back, again under Mahommedan sway. Seized shortly afterwards by the Karasmiens, a predat'ory hoard from the Caspian, the sacred monument was once more destroyed. Annexed finally to the Egyptian government, Palestine was included in the extensive

conquest of Sultan Seleem, whose descendants have since held it in industrial vassalage.

But how much longer this undisturbed vassalage may continue is a matter of extreme doubt, and judging from the signs of the times we may safely conclude it is rapidly drawing to a close. The united efforts of the missionaries, and the recent concentration at Jerusalem of representatives from all the great Christian Powers of Europe, are perhaps matters of much greater import than their immediate religious results.

They are doubtless, directly or indirectly, connected with the restoration of the Jewish Commonwealth in Palestine, chiefly under the auspices of England, Prussia and Russia. It is not to be supposed that these governments instituted this measure with the sole, or even chief intent, to accomplish this great prophetic event; yet they look without doubt, to the state of the Jewish and Christian mind which these prophecies have produced, with regard to the restoration, as a material, and perhaps an essential element in their success.

That the measure is considered by the five great powers as having an important political bearing, is evident from the fact that since the organization of the English diocese in Palestine, France, Russia and Austria have sent their Consuls to Jerusalem, and have spent and are spending

immense treasures in erecting convents and Consulate Palaces, where there is neither trade nor commerce to be encouraged or protected. At the present time the consular representations of the five great guardians of Europe and the East, are establishing themselves in the Holy City without any employment or object apparent to the public.

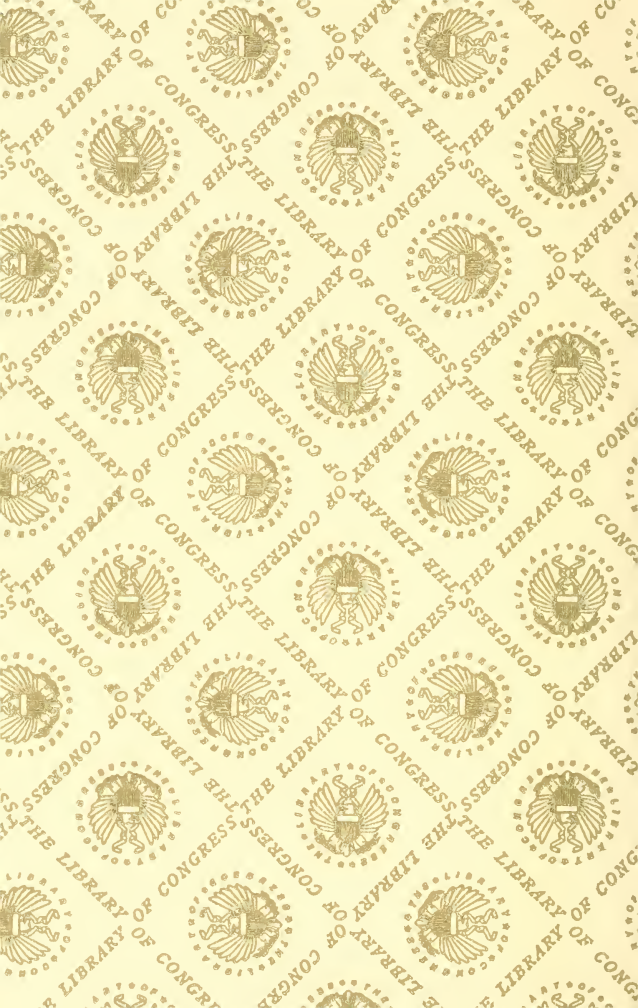
May it not be quite probable that the present generation will see Jerusalem divide with Constantinople the discussions of the representatives for the settlement of the *Eastern Question*, the solution of which involves no less than the fall of Turkey, the extinction of Mahommedanism, and the triumph of Christianity.

It is now a generally conceded fact that the Turkish Empire is rapidly approaching its downfall. And lying as it does, between Europe and the vast population and wealth beyond the Euphrates—the possession of its territory by any of the five great powers would destroy politically the balance of power in Europe, and draw after it the control of India—China, indeed, the whole of the Eastern world—the momentous question is, when the decayed fabric of the Moslem Empire shall fall to pieces—who shall possess its various ports. They must be occupied by new Christian states or divided and appropriated by the five great powers.

Their disposition constitutes the great Eastern Question

—perhaps the greatest political questions of modern times—and its solution is rapidly approaching and will quickly devolve upon the Christian Powers.

They have long been gathering at Constantinople ; and have recently assembled at Jerusalem, as eagles gather where the carcass is. Each is augmenting its interest on the soil where the great question is to be solved.





WERT
BOOKBINDING
Grantville, Pa.
JULY, AUG 1983
We're Quality Bound

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 021 933 065 0